



No. 527.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MADGE CRICHTON,  
NOW PLAYING IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

TRUE to his reputation, March has come to us riding upon the wings of the storm. As I look out of my window upon this wet, windy afternoon, I see before me the bare trees, the deserted streets, the grey river. Immediately below me there are some half-dozen cabs—dreary-looking vehicles that even their drivers have deserted. The only other human being to be observed in this little slice of the world is a policeman—caped, heavy-footed, gloomy. What a godsend it would be to him should I cry "Fire!" or "Murder!" At the least, my alarm would afford him an excuse for motion, no matter in what direction. But the only sound that comes from me is the scratching of my pen upon the paper; for the rest, there is the sougling of the wind among the chimney-pots. I ought to explain, perhaps, that to-day is Sunday; that is why the puddles in the streets lie undisturbed and the sullen barges on the river look so black and lonely. A wet Sunday in London! Could anything be more depressing? Yet one must not repine, for the end of this month will see the sun in the heavens again, will usher in the laughing, melodious spring, and then, with the First of April, the trees will put on their dresses of green, the river will sparkle as it rolls towards the sea, and the policeman will retire behind a buttress to indulge in a private pirouette.

A writer in the *Daily Mail* last Saturday had some very severe things to say about Mr. Kipling. The poet, it seems, annoyed this gentleman because he cabled "The Settler" to the *Times* instead of posting it in the ordinary way. More than once the *Mail* man alludes to the verses as "cable-poetry"; indeed, it almost seems as though the article had been written round this not very clever phrase. Why, one wonders, should a poem be any the worse for having come by cable? Mr. Kipling, presumably, wrote the verses in his usual manner and not on cable-forms. It is possible, of course, that the operator may have made some slight error in the punctuation, but surely this would not be sufficient to damn the work as a whole? In view of the *Mail* man's severity, it is interesting to read a criticism of the verses in a leading literary review. The *Spectator* says: "It is by majestic patriotic verse of this kind that Mr. Kipling has earned himself the laurel crown of the Empire." The writer then goes on to suggest that, just as every parish has a Vicar's Churchwarden and a People's Churchwarden, England should have a King's Laureate and a People's Laureate, the latter post to be filled by Mr. Kipling. The idea is sufficiently ingenious, but if Mr. Kipling values his popularity he would do well to avoid the bilious eminence of a public pedestal.

Talking of pedestals, the Editor of "The Literary Year-Book" seems to take it to heart that so few distinctions and titles have been conferred upon writers in comparison with the numerous honours that are showered upon members of other professions. For myself, I do not quite understand this passionate desire on the part of writers for mere State recognition. Surely it is a far finer thing, and a thing far more difficult of accomplishment, to win public recognition? An author who sits down to write a book with the knowledge that his work will be read by upwards of ten or twenty thousand people would be an ungrateful person were he to complain that the State had granted him no title to place before his name nor any letters to place after it. The Editor of "The Literary Year-Book" would appear to have forgotten, for the nonce, the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard.

It has been said by them of sour minds that all the humorists are dead. To such folk I recommend a course of "Wisdom While You

Wait," the brilliant little parody of that monumental work in many volumes recently published under the auspices of the *Times*. Twice have I been through this shilling pamphlet, and each time I have derived from it so much enjoyment and so many bursts of merriment that I should wish all my readers and their friends to participate in my pleasure. The illustrations, I think, are the funniest part of the publication. The frontispiece, for example, is an old wood-engraving that possibly did duty, years and years ago, in some reading-book for infants. It shows a trusting little girl, clothed in the fashion of our grandmothers, toying with a dangerous reptile, whilst, in the distance, her father may be seen, gun in hand, hurrying to save his child from an awful death. This, if you please, is called a "Superb Plate from the article 'The Durbar.' The Smart Set at Delhi: Cobra-feeding Before Breakfast." Yet another illustration depicts a poor woman with her face buried in her hands. This is labelled—"Superb Plate from the article 'Automobilism.' Common Object of Roadside: Widow Mourning Husband who has been Run Over." My thanks and congratulations to "E. V. L." and "C. L. G.," whoever they are.

It is rather too bad of Mr. George Edwardes to tantalise playgoers with his Gaiety Memories. My own memory as a playgoer, I am afraid, does not date further back than twelve years or so, and I had almost come to look upon the mediocrity of the modern musical comedy as historic. But now I see what I missed through having been born in the 'seventies and brought up in the country. In those days, it seems, they could dance, they were witty, they had humour. Nowadays, your Gaiety dude must needs fling himself about all over the stage lest he should fail to attract the attention of the audience to his own share in the performance. "The Linkman," necessarily, is an incoherent piece of work, but it serves to bring forward some clever bits of mimicry. Miss Ethel Sydney is admirable as Ellaline Terriss, and Miss Violet Lloyd suggests very delicately the bird-like Letty Lind. Mr. Lionel Mackinder reproduces Edward Terry to the life, but destroys the good impression he has made by oiling his face to represent a physical infirmity of a popular young actor. As to "The Toreador," that musical comedy still relies for success on the unfailing humour of Mr. Edmund Payne. His business with the motor-car is the cleverest piece of burlesque acting to be seen in London at the present moment.

To be misunderstood is usually looked upon as one of life's terrors. Mr. Bernard Shaw, however, if one may judge from an interview with that elusive genius that appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* last week, is rather inclined to encourage those who refuse to take him seriously. "If I were taken seriously," he said, "I should without doubt be hanged to-morrow." This reminds me of a typical Shawism in "The Devil's Disciple," the brilliant farcical melodrama by "G. B. S." that is now being played in Vienna. The hero of the play is about to be hung; the rope is round his neck; the clergyman, despite the protests of the hero, is reading the Burial Service. At this juncture there enters the hero's half-witted brother, who inquires carelessly as to what is going forward. His brother informs him that he is about to be hung. "Oh!" exclaims the lad, delightedly, "then can I have the china peacock off the mantelpiece?" We should all be very sorry, of course, if Mr. Shaw ever came to the gallows, and yet it seems a thousand pities to deprive the public of the amusing account that should be readily forthcoming of his last moments. By the way, the issue of the *Westminster* that contains the interview also contains some pretty verses "To G. B." The verses, oddly enough, are signed "S."





MARCH.

DRAWN BY G. L. -STAMPA.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Return of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—Mr. Chamberlain's Welcome—The Paris Carnival.*

THE most illustrious of our globe-trotters are returning to our shores. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have spent their time since the Durbar in paying visits to old Indian friends, who are many—for the Duke was just as popular with the native nobility as he was with the Englishmen in India—and have now embarked on their battleship to return to Ireland, home, and duty, for the Duke's leave is coming to an end and he must take over the Commander-in-Chiefship of Ireland from Sir Hugh McCalmont, who has held it during his absence and thereby lost his chance of sitting in Parliament for Newmarket. Sir Hugh and Lady McCalmont are very popular both in Dublin and in the General's usual Command, Cork. I am told that Lady McCalmont's set in the Quadrilles to-night at the Bal Poudré at Dublin Castle is likely to be the most brilliant of any. All the men in these sets are to be officers of regiments which have been quartered in Ireland. Lady McCalmont was fortunate enough to secure the Horse Artillery for her set, and—the 17th Lancers, perhaps, excepted, for the blue-and-white always looks particularly well—the Horse Gunners' uniforms are the handsomest in the Service.

The Duke and Duchess will have a hearty welcome home, and so will that other distinguished traveller who is enjoying rest and tranquillity and freedom from interviews and deputations on the promenade-deck of the *Norman*, and who is probably thinking of nothing

more serious just now than the lunch which the Governor of Madeira is going to give him at Funchal. The welcome which Mr. Chamberlain will receive both in London and in his own town of Birmingham will be a magnificent one, and will be given him by men of all shades of political opinion, for the Colonial Secretary has fully justified the hopes of all Britons, and throughout his tour has always kept upon that high patriotic level which is above the stormy waters of Party strife. I have not the least doubt that his personal influence with the hard-headed, simple-mannered Dutch of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies has become very great. They like plain talk, even if

it hits them hard; they like a man who gives himself no official airs and who sits down to chat with them, and that was what Mr. Chamberlain did. It was very characteristic of the Dutch farmers that, when Mr. Chamberlain had listened to their impossible requests and had told them that it was out of the question to grant what they wanted and that they ought to have known better than to ask for such things, they immediately held another meeting and decided that they were very pleased now that they thoroughly understood what the British Government meant. The most popular move which Lord Kitchener made at Vereeniging, at the Peace Conference, was when he shouldered his way through the vociferous crowd of delegates, all saying what they intended to do, and informed them in as few words as possible what they had to do if they wanted Peace. Whether Mr. Chamberlain has been as successful with the Cape Town politicians as he undoubtedly has been with the Boers, both "wild" and tame, of the new Colonies remains to be seen. The men of the Cape Parliament I used to know twenty years ago have no doubt retired, but they used then, all of them, to play a very good game of "Poker," and would "bluff" as calmly with an "ace high" hand as they would if they held "four kings." I do not suppose that the present men of any of the Parties have less skill in making the other players think that an overpowering hand is against them. Mr. Chamberlain has, however, been the looker-on, and, no doubt, knows exactly what cards are held. Already people are beginning to scheme for visitors' seats in the House of Commons on the day when Mr. Chamberlain shall rise to give an account of his stewardship, a day which is sure to be one of excitement and of emotion, and when he will receive an ovation such as a stout fighter fresh from a peaceful victory deserves.

I spent the last few days of the Carnival and the first days of Lent in Paris. On the evening of Mardi-Gras, I walked up the Boul' Mich', being covered from head to foot with dusty confetti, and looked in at the Bal Bullier, where the students, some in fancy-dress, were holding their final Carnival revel, assisted by the ladies of the Quartier, many of whom had donned male costume to do honour to the occasion. A big model of the Moulin Rouge, which had been carried draped with crape in the students' procession of the previous Sunday, was much mourned over and then broken into small pieces. On the Wednesday, I dined in solitary state in one of the restaurants on the boulevards, an experience I hope never to repeat. The plump lady at the desk, the proprietor, the sommeliers, the waiters, the chasseur, and the page all watched me with the greatest interest. I asked the maître d'hôtel if no one else was likely to come in to dinner. He shrugged his shoulders. "C'est le jour après la fête," he replied.

## MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

IT is sad, very sad, to read that Kate Vaughan died on Feb. 21, at Johannesburg, South Africa, in very poor circumstances. Her brother and sister professionals in the Colonies helped her a little, but her friends were mostly in London and ignorant of her sad condition.

She joined the Gaiety in 1876, with the formation of a new combination consequent upon Mr. Toole's absence in America. This combination, as far as the chief four corner-stones were concerned,

comprised Mr. Edward Terry, who came from the Strand Theatre; Mr. E. W. Royce, whom I found in Birmingham; Miss Ellen Farren, the permanent "foundation-boy" of the theatre; and Miss Kate Vaughan. They appeared in the first burlesque Henry J. Byron wrote for the Gaiety. They each had their individual style and manner; they were as well fitted to each other's peculiar gifts as the four voices of a perfect glee-party. Burlesque was always a leading feature of the programmes, though not the sole feature. Out of five hundred productions in eighteen years, including matinées, only eight per cent. were burlesques, properly so called.

Miss Kate Vaughan had been trained as a

dancer, as far as her delicate health would permit. She was never very strong, and the severe training practised in the Milan and other Continental schools would have taxed her constitution too severely. She was a pupil of Mrs. Conquest, of the historic Grecian Saloon, City Road, whose pupils, amongst many others, were Thérèse Cushman, Milano, Duellin, Boleno, Flexmore, and Carlotta Leclercq. Kate Vaughan had a supple body and natural grace, and her long-skirt dance, half-minuet and half-waltz, soon became popular. She was credited with the invention of a new style of dancing, but the long-skirt dance was known on the Italian Opera stage at the Haymarket, and its chapel-of-ease, the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, as far back as 1750. The celebrated Madame Vestris and her husband, the ballet-master, M. Vestris, saw the beauty of this style of dancing and costume, and copied it, and the greatest dancer of her time, Madame Taglioni, always dressed in a skirt that reached to her ankles.

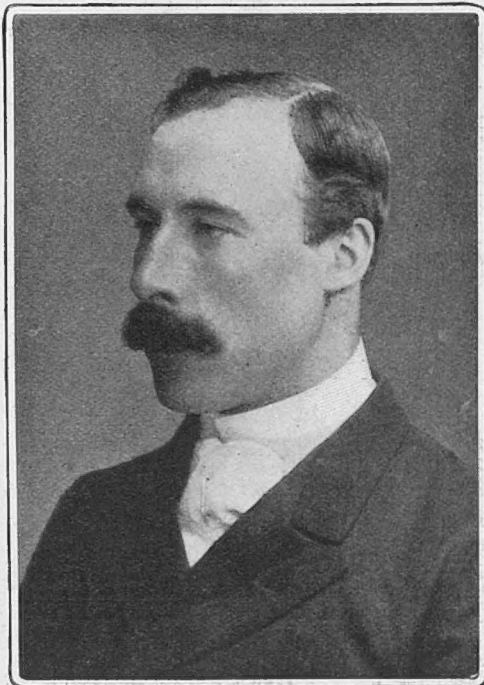
Kate Vaughan made good use of her exceptional opportunities at the theatre. She often played in the comedies and dramas given almost daily at the Gaiety, and she developed a taste for "Old English Comedy," in which she afterwards distinguished herself. She always dressed and behaved herself like a lady, and could wear the trying costumes of the eighteenth century with ease and dignity.

As a member of the Gaiety Company during more than seven years, she was as agreeable off the stage as she was on it. She was most considerate to her Manager, ever ready to oblige, never sulking nor grumbling, and always at her post, except when prevented by illness. She was no longer in her first youth when she died. Her manners were always a passport to the best society. Thousands will regret her death, and none more so than the present writer.—JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

## THE WAR OFFICE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



MR. E. W. BECKETT.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W. (See Page 241.)



THE LATE KATE VAUGHAN: A SOUVENIR.



IN "BLUEBEARD."



IN "DICK WHITTINGTON."



IN "THE BOHEMIAN GYURL."



IN "LALLA ROOKH."



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## MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S NEW CHARACTER.

THE power of concentration, so strongly insisted upon a few days ago by Mr. Pinero in his fine lecture on Robert Louis Stevenson's failure as a dramatist, cannot be said to have been too insistently used in the new play which Messrs. Herbert Shelley and Reginald Bacchus have written for Mr. Arthur Roberts, namely, "Bill Adams." But, then, it may be argued that, if this generally useful power of concentration had been displayed, the piece would not have been particularly useful to so irresponsible and quick-changing a droll as Mr. Roberts. A framework with plenty of opportunities for the principal character to "gag" *ad lib.*, and with a few minor characters to speak a few lines or to sing and dance while Mr. Roberts is momentarily resting or is changing his costume, is all that is required. All this, plus occasional distinct suggestions as to a story, Messrs. Shelley and Bacchus have done, and done smartly. Inspired to some extent by the well-known recitation, entitled "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo," they have fitted the vastly popular Mr. Roberts with an excellent character giving full scope for his swiftly spoken quips and cranks, not to mention his well-known nods and becks and wreathed smiles. That there is abundant food for mirth in the droll hero's proceedings may be guessed from the fact that he finds means to skip from the Battle of Hastings, forsooth, to Waterloo, and from there to Paris, closely scrutinising the gigantic Humbert frauds *en route*, and so on to South African matters, taking in certain revelations as to War Office Red-tapeism and Remounts, and even a Subalterns' Court-martial. During his exciting adventures in this military *revue* (as I may call it), the ubiquitous Bill Adams, even at the recent South Coast trial-trip of the piece (which is at Brighton this week), indulged in many a quaint song and dance. Among others who do full justice to the authors and to the composer, Mr. Stephen Philpot, are Mr. Maitland Dicker, as General Sir Bingo Barr; Mr. Robert S. Selby, as Cornet the Duke of Brighton; Mr. A. G. Poulton, as Caesar Q. Anthony; Mr. Fritz Rimma, as a Rajah; Miss Alice Aynsley Cook, as Lady Bingo Barr; and Miss Louise Beaudet, who sings sweetly and acts artistically as a fascinating French demoiselle named Minette.

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## "SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

## THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

of the King through his terrible illness in 1871 to which his recovery was undoubtedly in large extent due.

eventful day on which the ceremony took place in 1863 was also a Tuesday. Although King Edward has not to the same degree as has Her Majesty the marvellous gift of eternal youth, few would recognise in him a husband of forty years' standing, but from the portrait I am able to give, taken at the time of his marriage, it is easy to see how very boyish a bridegroom he must have looked.

### *An Immortal Wedding Guest.*

There were many great and famous personages gathered together in St. George's Chapel, but among those who were bidden to be present at the ceremony which united the then Prince of Wales and the lovely Danish Princess it may be doubted if there was one who will rank greater among the Immortals than Charles Dickens, who has left a most beautiful and but rarely quoted description of the Royal bride: "Her face was very pale, and full of a sort of awe and wonder; but the face of no ordinary bride—not simply a timid, shrinking girl, but one with character distinctly of her own, prepared to act a part greatly." In contrast with this moving little description, we have that of Bishop Wilberforce, who genially wrote to some correspondent: "The little Prince William of Prussia" (the German Emperor) "was between his two little uncles, both of whom, as they strove to keep him quiet, he bit on the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him."

### *An Isle of Wight Honeymoon.*

The Isle of Wight has long been the favourite resort of newly wed couples, and in this matter those who so elect to spend the early days of their married life can proudly point to the example of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who spent at Osborne their brief honeymoon. Their wedding journey was an imposing progress; when the bridal train stopped at Reading, thirty thousand persons surrounded the station, cheering wildly, and the new Princess of Wales was offered a bouquet, while as the Royal yacht crossed the Solent the air was shaken with the thundering salutes of the men-o'-war. It was during the Royal honeymoon that was taken the charming photograph of Her Majesty which I am able to present to my readers.

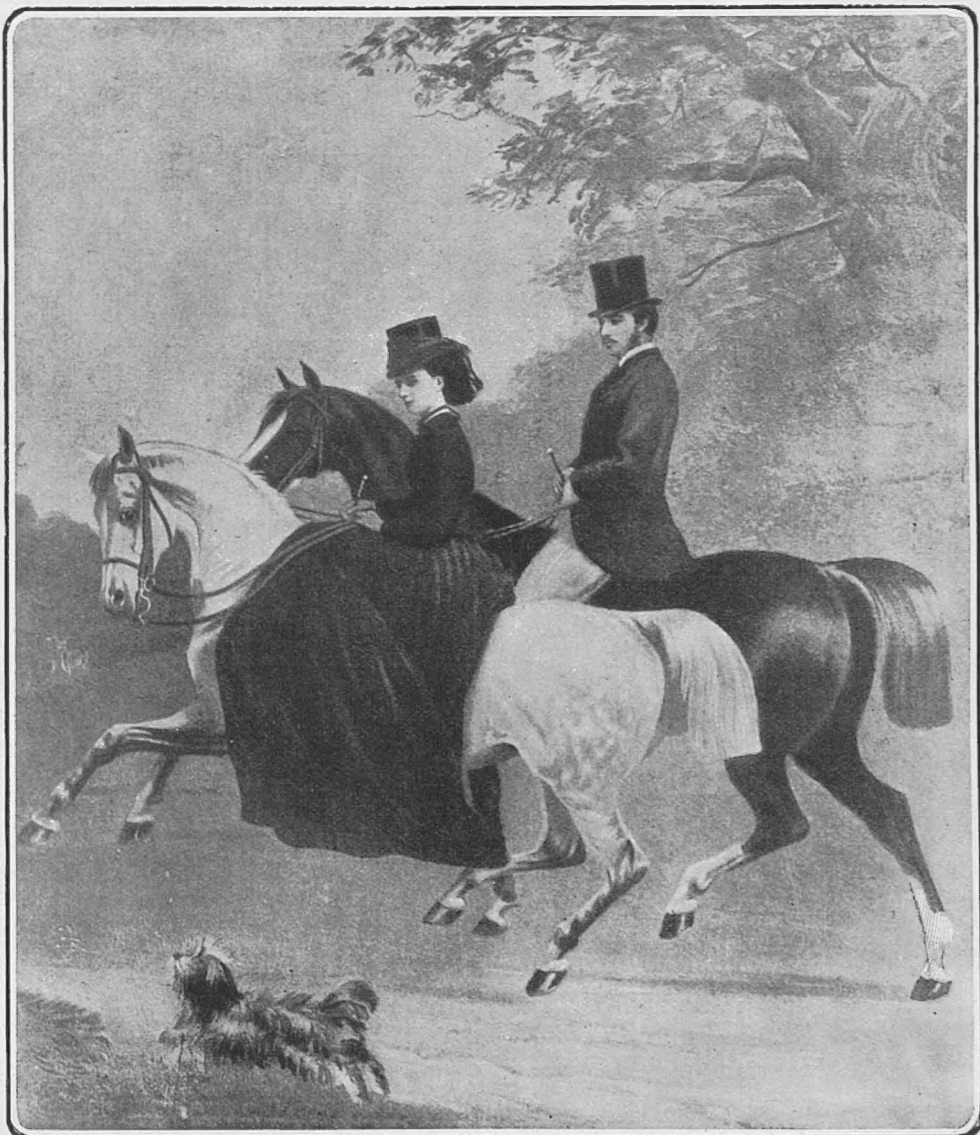
### *Their Majesties' Common Interests.*

King Edward and Queen Alexandra early discovered one great secret of happiness in married life, that of having many interests in common. It was soon noticed that, both when at work and at play, they seemed to like doing the same things. To give one example, they were both very fond of riding, and during the first years of their simple, happy life at Sandringham they constantly went for long rides together. The Princess also early displayed a very keen interest in the great social problems of the day, and, last not least, she soon became deeply attached to her husband's brothers and sisters; indeed, one of her most intimate friends was for long years the high-minded and intellectual Princess Alice, who helped Her Majesty in that careful nursing

Kew Bridge is rapidly nearing completion, and early in the summer will be able to relieve the traffic across the Thames, which at that point gets heavier every year. The King and Queen have promised to open the bridge early in May, and it will be the occasion for a very picturesque ceremonial. The new bridge will not be so quaint as was the old structure, but it will be a very fine piece of work, and will, happily, be without the steep pitch which made the old bridge so awkward for traffic. The approach on the Middlesex side is almost finished, but that on the Surrey side is not so forward; the parapets are being put up and the roadway is being laid down. It is three years since the work was begun.

### *"Queensway."*

Now that the new road from the Strand to Holborn has been happily and properly named "Kingsway," the roadway from Holborn to Russell Square demands a name. The old road was known as Southampton Row, but that narrow thoroughfare is now being widened into a fitting continuation of "Kingsway." The obvious name for the new street is "Queensway," for it is absurd to keep to the name of what was merely a narrow road for the wide thoroughfare which has replaced it. The London County Council has done away with the old Row, so it may as well do away with the old name also, especially as the memory of Lord Southampton



THE KING AND QUEEN SHORTLY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.

Copyright Photograph (from a Painting) by the Press Picture Agency.



will be quite sufficiently preserved by Southampton Street, which runs parallel. By the change, too, all chance of confusion between the two streets will be avoided, and this will be a great convenience to the Post Office and to the visitors to the hotels which have sprung up in the remodelled road.

*English Princesses  
in Paris.*

Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who are staying in Paris incognito as the Comtesse de Gravenstein and the Countess of Carisbrooke, have been seeing some of the sights of the city. They have been over the Invalides, escorted by the Governor, and on another day visited Versailles, where they had lunch. They were shown over the Palace by M. de Nolhac, the keeper, and took the keenest interest in the descriptions which he gave them.

*An Empress's  
Diamonds.*

As I have already mentioned, the German Empress has the most magnificent diamonds, which she wears on great occasions at Court. They are valued at a quarter of a million sterling, but most of them are heirlooms of the Prussian Crown. These jewels can be worn only by a reigning Queen, and a Dowager is unable to make use of them. However, the value of the diamonds which are the private property of the Empress amounts to a hundred thousand pounds, and the greater number of them were left to her by the Empress Augusta, who specially bequeathed to her granddaughter-in-law several necklets and parures. The Empress possesses thirty diamond-rings and a number of bracelets, brooches, and pins. The principal ornament of her diadem is a diamond as large as a cherry, on each side of which are set from thirty to forty extremely fine stones. All these diamonds are kept locked in separate cases, and are put away in a special strong-room, which is most carefully guarded. A few days before any Court function, at which the Empress is to be present, one of the Court jewellers examines the stones to see if any of them are loose or if they want cleaning. In private life the Empress wears hardly any jewellery at all.

*The Kaiser's  
Banker.*

In Berlin it is whispered that the Kaiser is a sufferer by the recent bank-failures. There have been several of these smashes of late, but that of Herr Burghalter, manager of the principal bank of Potsdam, is in many ways the most serious. Burghalter drew his clients from the Prussian aristocracy, and lost a very large sum in the Sanden failure. To cover

*The Conservative  
Revolt.*

The two days' debate in the House of Commons on Army administration was notable for the revolt of a group of clever young Conservatives against the Government. For some years the men on the back benches have had to practise silence and forbearance, but now the more aspiring and



THE KING AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

independent among them show a disposition to speak out and to take a line of their own. They are not in the least overawed by the occupants of the Treasury Bench. Mr. Balfour exercises charm and Mr. Chamberlain commands confidence, but the other Ministers fail to impress either Liberals or Conservatives by gifts or graces.

*"Blue-water" and  
"Red-line."*

Many of the speeches in the debate dealt largely with the Army Corps system. Flouts and jeers were thrown upon it by Conservatives, who declared that it existed chiefly on paper, but Mr. Brodrick stated that it was making progress, and he surprised the House by the figures he quoted, showing great success in recruiting. There was a wider controversy between the "blue-water" school and the "red-line" school. Certain critics contended that economy should be practised in the Army and that more money should be spent on the Navy and Volunteers. On the other hand, the Government contended that, although they were not neglecting either the Fleet or the Volunteers, a comparatively large Army such as now existed was necessary. This was justified, in large measure, by a reference to the Indian Frontier.

*Mr. Brodrick.*

There is a dead set in a Conservative quarter against Mr. Brodrick. Although a man of high character and kindness, he has caused a good deal of offence, and there is a disposition to talk of him as the Jonah of the Cabinet. At the end of his honeymoon he has had to face a Parliamentary attack which was largely personal. Mr. Brodrick, however, shows courage and doggedness. He smiles when gibes and sarcasms are aimed at him, and, as he is full of industry and has plenty of ambition, he is unlikely to yield to the storm raised below the Conservative gangway. Nor is the Prime Minister likely to throw him over.

*Bold Critics.*

The speeches of the Conservative critics proved that there is a great deal of reserve debating power in the House. Mr. Beckett surprised everybody by the vigour and finish of his style, by his acid wit and his literary allusions. Distinguished Americans in the Gallery listened with great interest to Major Seely. He looked the type of the urbane, aristocratic officer, polished and seemingly languid, but he showed in controversy with Mr. Brodrick that he was not merely ornamental. In the politest tone he scored effectively. Mr. Winston Churchill's speech fully maintained that clever politician's reputation as a debater, for it was full of points and smart sayings. His fireworks did not in every case go off, but the display was very bright and entertained even Lord Rosebery.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

his losses, he began to speculate recklessly with the money of his clients, and at last, finding it impossible to meet his engagements, he committed suicide. An examination of his books has revealed a deficit of nearly £160,000. Burghalter was one of the financial advisers of the Emperor, who employed him to carry out his investments.



*Our Grand Old  
Royal Prince.*

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, who on the 26th of this month will attain the considerable age of eighty-four, might well lay claim to the title of the Grand Old Royal Prince of Europe. His Royal Highness has retained an extraordinary vitality, and yet few of his contemporaries have led a more strenuous life, or can look back to having been concerned with greater and more soul-moving events. As Prince George of Cambridge, he was present at the Coronations of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, and he is the only surviving member of the Royal Hanoverian Guelph Order. He was a contemporary of the late Sovereign, and during his long, responsible connection with the British Army was in constant communication with his Queen-cousin. "The Duke," as he is affectionately known to a very large circle of friends and brother officers, has retained an almost pathetic interest in the Army; it is no secret that he ardently desired to accompany the first Army Corps which went out to South Africa in the autumn of 1899, and throughout the War he was a daily visitor to the War Office. His Royal Highness is now at Cannes, and he is expected to there spend his eighty-fourth birthday.

An interesting letter from a friend in Morocco who has extensive dealings with the country's Mediterranean and Atlantic ports tells me that the recent troubles there have led to another big outburst of gun-smuggling. Every tribe that is directly or indirectly within reach of the coast is getting what store it can of weapons that, if my friend does not exaggerate, are generally at least as dangerous to the person firing as to the person fired at. Belgian and German firms supply most of these weapons, and, though "gun-running" is a dangerous pastime, the profits atone for the risks. Most of the tribes have some spare cash just now. The Sultan's modern financial reform has taken the tax-collecting out of the hands of the Kuids, and the Treasury officials, who are required, much to their disgust, to give receipts, have not been able to carry out their work effectively. So the money that ought to be in the "Dar Mahkzen" is in the hands of cunning traders and the Moor goes armed. As he thinks a gun should be let off freely and frequently, particularly if he can point it at a man belonging to another tribe, this sudden increase of the national armament does not make for tranquillity. My friend tells me that Sir Harry Maclean's return to Fez has done much to restore order to the Shereefian Forces.

*"Le Tasse" at  
Monte Carlo.*

Comte d'Harcourt's new opera, "Le Tasse," was a great success at Monte Carlo, where it was presented on the first night of the season. Good judges say we are likely to hear it in Paris and London. The composer and his wife watched the performance from the Prince of Monaco's box, in company with H.R.H.—who has been out among his faithful subjects once or twice—M. and Madame Massenet, and the veteran French artist, Gérôme, who is President of the Committee that is presiding over the picture exhibition at the Palais des Beaux-Arts. People came specially from Paris to hear "Le Tasse," and there was a very big contingent from Cannes and Nice, so that the house was

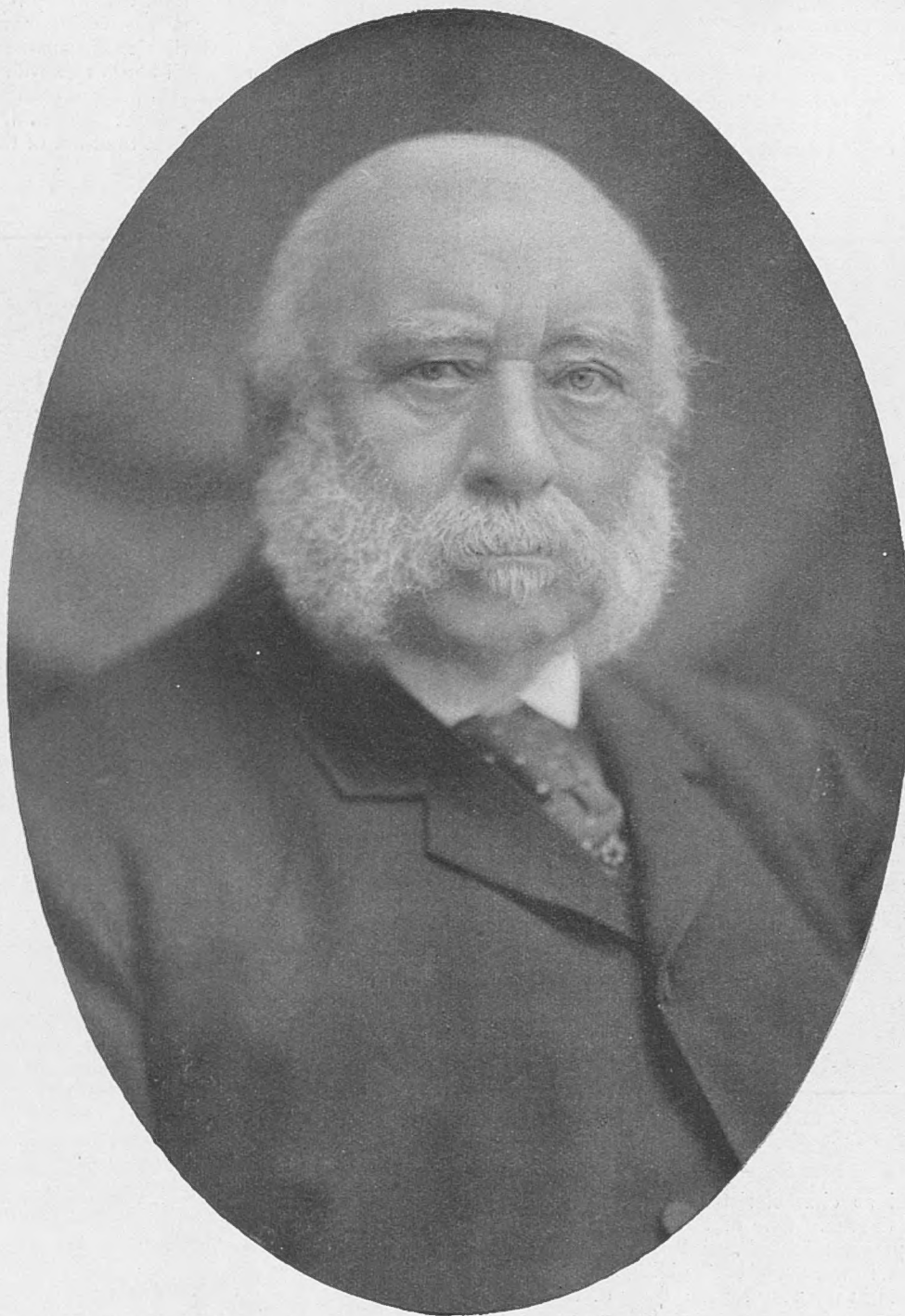
very crowded and presented a brilliant spectacle. M. Léon Jéhin, who conducted, was in splendid form, and his wife sang very well indeed. In consideration of his achievement, the Prince of Monaco, after conducting the Comte d'Harcourt several times to the front of the box to acknowledge the applause, presented him with the Cross of the Order of Charles III. Monte Carlo is getting quite a reputation. Only two or three years ago the Casino had the honour of presenting Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" for the first time, and that opera has met with a large measure of popularity far beyond the confines of the little Principality.

*American  
Statesmen.*

There is no doubt about the possibilities that wait upon talent in the United States. Mr. Cortelyou, who succeeds to Cabinet office in a department of "Labour and Commerce" that has been recently created, is not only a self-made man, but has managed to make himself into a Cabinet Minister at an age when most men would think themselves fortunate in the possession of an Under-Secretaryship. He is yet a little short of forty and in the shape of his head and his general bearing is not unlike the President. He was secretary to the late William McKinley, and has been serving Mr. Roosevelt in the same capacity. It is very interesting for Britons to note that the Protection policy of the United States is not without its critics. Mr. Roosevelt has been asking Americans to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it; he has pointed to his own six children and declared that good citizens must have large families. Certain critics have remarked that, while the President is quite right, he would greatly simplify matters by abolishing the tariffs, and by thus reducing the cost of living he would enable the average citizen to look with less alarm upon his duties.

It seems more than likely that the great automobile race will take place in Ireland this summer, doubtless to the great satisfaction of the distressful country. I am inclined to believe that the cosmopolitan gathering may do Ireland good in ways not anticipated by the promoters, for attention will certainly be called to the possibilities of the country as a sporting centre. The great difficulty at present lies less in the rearing of

game than its preservation, but Scotland was in the same plight less than a century ago, and to-day the country districts owe the bulk of their prosperity to the shooting tenants. Highland rents have reached a figure that is almost ridiculous, and, so far as I have been able to see, there is no natural monopoly of deer-forests and grouse-moors in favour of Scotland. So soon as the Irish find it is to their advantage to suppress poaching, they will be content to let the land be peaceably preserved. The development of Ireland's sporting possibilities will revolutionise the condition of the poorest and most discontented classes, and I hope that the sportsmen who go over there in July will take the chance offered to them, and do something to transfer to the Emerald Isle some of the favours now lavished so generously upon Scotland. Nothing but good could result from this to both visitors and hosts, who might become better acquainted with mutual advantage.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

*Taken by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.*



*Good-bye to Clifford's Inn.*

The old landmarks of London are disappearing so rapidly that soon the antiquarian will have to wander far afield to find anything of sufficient age to gratify his curiosity. The Strand-to-Holborn street has deprived us of New Inn and many other interesting relics, and now Clifford's Inn is doomed, since it is to be sold for building-sites. The Inn was named after Robert de Clifford, to whom the messuage was granted by Edward II. in 1310. During the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. it was an independent school for the study of law, and it is recorded that in the time of the "Virgin Queen" some hundred students were studying there. In the Hall of the Inn, Sir Matthew Hale and the principal Judges sat to determine all disputes about property and boundaries after the Great Fire.

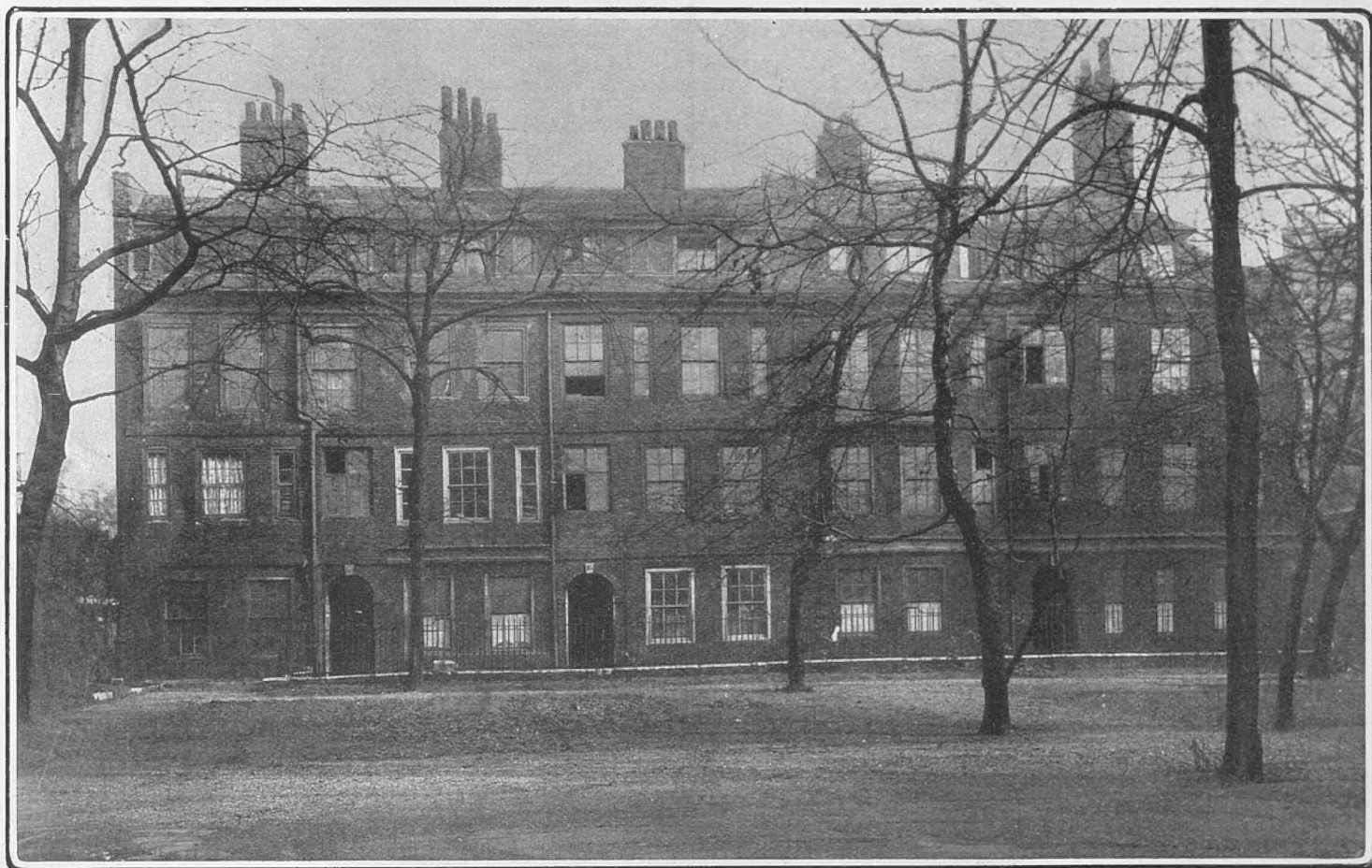
*Modern Italian Art.*

Last week (writes my Rome Correspondent), I was fortunate enough to be invited to a private view of some most excellent pictures at the studio of Signor Nardi. The studio, by the way, is situated most quaintly and picturesquely in a sort of old-fashioned garden at the back of one of the thousand-and-one side-streets of Rome, just the kind of place in which a painter might be expected to be inspired with ideas for his work. The best of Nardi's pictures deal with the Campagna Romana. This subject he seems to understand *à fond*; the lovely purple distance

the pilgrims who filled the Sala. He passed only a few inches in front of me, and I was therefore well able to judge of his apparent strength or infirmity. As he was borne past us all, he looked, it must be confessed, very, very old and infirm; his lips were firmly closed, his face extraordinarily pinched and thin, his nose projecting over his chin very prominently. The ceremony seemed to be exciting him intensely. Every now and then he raised himself up and bestowed his blessing on all around him by spreading his hands out over the assembled pilgrims in every direction, but he never relaxed his set expression of countenance one atom. His eyes, small and bright, betrayed fear lest he should not succeed in lasting out the lengthy ordeal that awaited him.

*St. Peter's.*

Visitors to Rome ought not to judge the size of St. Peter's too hastily: the first impression is invariably false. They should wait for a really big function, like that held there yesterday; then, when they realise that the more than half-empty building is actually containing upwards of twenty or thirty thousand people, and that it is capable of holding at the very least eighty thousand, they will begin to have some slight conception of its immensity. A Roman Catholic Archbishop told me the other day that probably some fifty-eight thousand tickets would be issued for the 3rd of March (the great function of the year); then he added, "or



CLIFFORD'S INN, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Photograph by Augustin Rischgitz.

and stretches of barren land so characteristic of the Campagna he reproduces to a wonderful degree. One of these pictures attracted much attention; it was a representation of two Roman peasant lovers in the heart of the Campagna, in the act of each giving and receiving a kiss. The young couple, clad in the picturesque dress of the country districts round Rome, and surrounded by goats and sheep grazing on the tufts of unappetising-looking grass amid the rough grey rocks, form a most poetic picture. The picture, however, which was admired most of all was one depicting an old Roman peasant workman returning home after his day's labour; it is entitled "Verso il Reposo," and, had it not been for the rich-coloured olive-trees and the essentially Roman landscape, might have served admirably to illustrate the line, "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

*Pope Leo XIII.*

The aged head of the Roman Catholic Church was again the centre of attention in Rome this week. On Friday the Pope celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his exaltation to the Papacy. On this occasion he was presented with the costly tiara of which mention has been made in *The Sketch*, and also with other valuable gifts. The presentation took place in the long Sala delle Beatificazioni, a room not mentioned in the guide-books, as it is never shown to the public. To illustrate the immensity of the said hall, I may say that there were from three to five thousand present therein during the ceremony. At the far end was the Pope's throne, and to it was carried the Pope on a chair over the heads of

perhaps sixty thousand—it really makes no difference." Fancy a couple of thousand people extra making no difference in one building! It takes over an hour for the congregation to leave the church.

*Nickel Money in Italy.*

English travellers in Italy will be glad to hear that the heavy copper coins corresponding to the equally heavy and equally unpractical copper pence and halfpence in England are shortly to give place, to a certain extent, to nickel coins like those used in Germany. Nickel coins already exist in Italy—pieces of both twenty and twenty-five centesimi. These two coins are so similar that the Minister of the Treasury has decided that only the twenty-five centesimi shall be allowed to circulate. By the way, special care should be taken by travellers regarding two-lire pieces, which are often made of lead and given in exchange by canny cabbies.

*Paganini's Effects.*

Baron Attila Paganini, the grandson of the celebrated violinist, is going to leave to the town of Genoa all the many mementoes of the great Paganini. Of these there are great numbers. They include presents from many Kings and Emperors, and copious valuable autographs from distinguished men of Paganini's time; also all the works, both edited and unedited, of the great violinist, and several very valuable violins and other instruments—amongst others, one very ancient one on which Paganini used to practise.



*A Prince Blithe  
and Debonair.*

Prince Francis of Teck, the handsome youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, is the most blithe and debonair of Princes. Though he celebrated his thirty-third birthday in January, he has remained a boy in heart and in looks, and he is, from a social point of view, the most popular member of his popular family. Like his eldest brother, the present Duke of Teck, Prince Francis was educated at Wellington, going afterwards to Cheltenham. He was his mother's special darling, and in her "Life" is published a charming letter addressed by her to him when he was first ordered to Egypt. Prince Francis, who went through the South African War, is about, it has been rumoured, to take up some form of business enterprise. He is among the few remaining great *partis* of Society, but, as yet, his engagement has never even been rumoured, and he would appear to be the most confirmed of bachelors.

*The Hon.  
Mrs. French.*

Mrs. Robert French, Lord De Freyne's pretty sister-in-law, though she may be now reckoned as an Irish beauty, was before her marriage one of the most popular girls in what may be called the aquatic section of English Society, for she was the only daughter of Mr. Hugh Mair, the fortunate owner of Phyllis Court, most charming of Thames-side Henley estates. Mrs. French is one of the few modern beauties who bear the quaint, old-world name of Cassandra. Her



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK.  
*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

*"Sidewalks."*

Another century comes round this year. It is just a hundred years since the pavement at the side of the streets of towns was invented. Before that, a space had been railed off for foot-passengers, but the foot-way was not raised above the level of the carriage-way and the demarcation was of the scantiest. M. Frochot, the Prefect of the Seine, is said to have made the first pavement for foot-passengers in the Rue Laffitte in 1803, and, struck with the idea, the Municipal Council of Paris offered a sum of money to all householders who made a pavement in front of their houses. The Rues de la Chaussée-d'Antin, Richelieu, and Saint-Lazare were the first to have a continuous pavement in front of the houses, but the fashion was not long in spreading all over Europe.

*An Anglo-  
American Peeress.*

Lady Donoughmore is among the best-looking of Anglo-American Peeresses. She is one of three beautiful sisters, who, as the Misses Grace, were a good deal in London Society, and her marriage to the youthful Irish Earl took place very soon after his accession to the title. Lord and Lady Donoughmore have two fine Irish seats, and recently Lady Donoughmore's father, Mr. Grace, became the tenant of Battle Abbey.

Lord Donoughmore, though he is still on the right side of thirty, has already served his country, for he was Private Secretary to Sir Henry Blake in Hong-Kong, and it is quite possible that he may, in days to



THE HON. MRS. FRENCH, LORD DE FREYNE'S SISTER-IN-LAW.



LADY DONOUGHMORE, AN ANGLO-AMERICAN PEERESS.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*

husband, who served with signal distinction in South Africa—he is Major of the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucester Regiment—is Lord De Freyne's only married brother.

come, take up some kind of great public appointment, thus following in the footsteps of his distinguished uncle, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, who has of late years played so important a part in South Africa.



*Lady Howard de  
Walden and  
Lord Ludlow.*

The smartest of forthcoming weddings will be that of the widowed Peeress, Lady Howard de Walden, and Lord Ludlow. It rarely happens that the widow of a Peer retains her rank on re-marriage, but that will, of course, be the case with the pretty and popular mother of the present Lord Howard de Walden. Lord Ludlow, the good-looking son of the eminent lawyer so long known to Victorian Society as Mr. Justice Lopes, is a keen sportsman, a first-rate shot, and an enthusiastic rider to hounds, so it is probable that the future Lady Ludlow's life will much of it be spent in the country. During the last two or three years she has acted as hostess of Seaford House, her son's splendid town-mansion.

*The Alhambra's  
Manager.*

Mr. Dundas Slater, who has added so largely to his list of friends during five years of management at the Alhambra, is to be rewarded with a benefit matinée, which will probably be given in the middle of May. No playgoer who remembers the condition of the house when Mr. Slater took over the reins of management will deny that the retiring Manager has deserved well of the shareholders. He found a house that was going downhill fast; he has set it up in better state than ever. One

that the old Leipzig Organist worked just for the sake of his art, and left that work to take its place in the world just as artists might place it. Not at all an eccentric association, at the same concert, was that of Edward Elgar with Bach; for, indeed, in some respects Elgar resembles the great old Master in a very intimate way. Mr. Wood's orchestra played Elgar's "Meditation" known as the Prelude to his "Lux Christi," and the spirituality of the work, the beautiful length of the phrases, the ineffable sweetness and the harmonious resolutions after difficult discords, made one recognise afresh the greatness of Elgar's art and the fine instinct with which he approaches the Muse whom he assuredly determined to follow when he conceived so exquisitely well-ordered a composition as this "Meditation." In fact, it would seem as though this great artist, thinking deeply on many things that need to be considered, translated all his thoughts into the medium of music, and thus created a masterpiece.

*Mr. John W.  
Ivimey's Bohemian  
Concert.*

The Artists Corps have a reputation both musical as well as martial, and Mr. John W. Ivimey, being of the Artists, upheld the regimental reputation nobly in his Bohemian Concert at St. James's Banqueting Hall on Shrove Tuesday night. His comrades supported



LORD LUDLOW AND LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

of the most popular men in London, his presence in the front of the house was always sufficient to attract a gathering; while, on the purely business side, his keen instinct and capacity for gauging the public taste have been in evidence ever since he crossed the road from the Empire. A long list of patrons is already to hand, the programme is likely to be a record one, and, if no more than the people who owe Dundas Slater thanks for some kindly act attend the matinée, standing-room will be at a premium and the Alhambra will achieve its record. After brief holiday abroad, Mr. Slater will take the reins of management for the Gattis at their theatres and restaurants—a big task, but one he is well fitted to undertake.

*Queen's Hall.*

Ash Wednesday always brings a certain type of concert for the public that naturally feels the importance of anniversaries. On the afternoon of that day a Symphony Concert was given at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, which fulfilled exactly the middle ideal of being "not religious but quite religious enough." The most engrossing thing of the afternoon was undoubtedly Miss Marie Brema's singing of Bach's "Buss' und Reu'." The music is so exquisite that it requires a very great singer indeed to do it justice. Miss Brema sang with fine artistic sentiment and with a very great insight into Bach's meaning; she made one understand that which has taken so many generations to understand,

him in force, and there was a plentiful sprinkling of the "silver and grey" among the audience. The entire performance, in fact, was under military escort. The programme was full of good things. Mr. Courtice Pounds sang "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes"; Mr. Leo Stormont gave his new success, "The Lifeboat Crew"; and Mr. Edgar Coyle, a new baritone who must have a brilliant future before him, sang "The Arrow and the Song" and an encore in splendid style. Of the ladies, Miss Lilian Harvey gave "The Kerry Dance," "Love the Pedlar," and, best of all, perhaps, "Ma Curly-headed Babby"; Miss Elspeth Murray, a new contralto with an engaging presence and a sympathetic voice, sang "When Love is Kind" very sweetly; and Miss Lenora Sparlees gave a pretty rendering of Clay's "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side." Of other "turns," the most notable were Mr. A. D. Cammeyer's banjo solos, two fine violin solos by Mr. Joseph Ivimey, and a finished rendering of Squire's "Slumber Song" on the cello by Mr. Frank Ivimey. Mr. W. A. Lack sang well, Mr. Arthur Helmore was in one of his funniest moods, and Major Hobday, R.F.A., gave an excellent parody of his own device. Mr. G. C. L. Fry led a corps chorus which made the rafters ring, and, last but not least, Mr. John W. Ivimey played finely two dainty compositions of his own upon the piano, and, in response to a vociferous encore, was compelled to return and sing a rollicking ballad peculiar to the regiment.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*A Ruffianly  
Carnival.*

It is safe to hazard that no confetti-throwing will be allowed next year at the Carnival (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It was only in a good-humoured moment that the Prefect of Police allowed it this season. To what use the privilege was put by organised bands of ruffians is incredible. One man was murdered on the boulevards to



MIDDLE. MANON, OF THE FOLIES-MARIGNY.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

begin with, and then followed a scene of La Villette frivolity. Ladies boas were torn off, their hats were seized and stamped upon, and any man with a semblance of respectability was simply made a circus of. It was coarse, brutal, and terrifying for women. Certainly the police were there, and arrests were made every minute; but that did not amount to a row of pins. The filthy, stamped-on confetti was picked up openly from the gutters and roadways by the roughs of both sexes, and even round the Opéra half-blinded men and women were rushing about trying to get water to bathe their eyes. That is no Carnival, and, as everyone knows that it is now dead beyond recall, Lepine might give it police burial. It might possibly be saved if it were run as at Nice. It starts there at two with the sound of a cannon, and ends at seven with the explosion of another shell.

*The Play-bill.*

Paul Gavault said proudly on the first-night to the critics at the Athénée that his play, "L'Enfant du Miracle," had come back from the Censor without one smudge of the blue pencil. It is a bright play of perpetual incident, and how Parisian! The piece, though, turns on a very equivocal subject—the absolute necessity for a child to be born within the ten months of widowhood, so that the clauses in an early will may be cancelled and the widow remain the héritière. Sarah Bernhardt has wisely thrown over her unfortunate "Andromaque." In Decourcelle's "Werther" she will continue her series of male creations that began with "Lorenzaccio" and continued with "Hamlet" and "L'Aiglon." "Les Appelés," at the Odéon, is distinctly framed on the lines of Pierre Wolff, who has taken Robertson as his model. It is pretty at times, but very thin when domestic pathos of the humbler kind is introduced. Madame Tessandier wore the most astounding headgear I have ever seen. I forgot to say a minute ago that Sarah Bernhardt will reopen next season with Racine's "Esther," on which she is spending a fortune. Tolstoy's "Resurrection" is off at the Odéon. Very keen interest is centred in the production of "Le Beau Jeune Homme" at the Variétés. The general idea is that Alfred Capus's astounding run of luck must break some day, and "indiscretions," as the French call them,

do not augur well. I am sorry I cannot pass any opinion on Yvette Guilbert as a novelist. Her book, "Les Demi-Vielles," was sold out in a twinkling of the eye. She suggested that it would be a study in the cabotinage life, and something after Mr. George Moore's "A Mummer's Wife."

*La Grande Thérèse.* Since the verdict of acquittal in the Cattani case, Thérèse Humbert is the idol of the hour in Paris and the terror of the Government. No accused has ever so completely upset the Juges d'Instruction. She will not speak, and reserves all for the Assizes. Henri Robert, her *avocat*, speaks English fluently, and in England he studied Sir Charles Russell, when a barrister, and adopted with enormous success his tactics at the French Bar. The probability of Madame Humbert and the rest of the family being refused the right to appear at the Cour d'Assises and before a Jury is keenly opposed by the Press, who ask that in this case there may be full light and that it shall not drag on like a second Affaire Dreyfus. If it passes into simple *police correctionnelle*, I am told by one at the Palais that every charge will break down simply for want of anyone to prosecute. The terrible roasting of Cattani has had a very chilling effect on those who have lent money at a rate superior to that allowed by the law. Over usury the Courts are pitiless in France, and the greater the accused, the more firmly the law is administered. It is generally believed that Thérèse will steer her bark clear and come out free—and then write a play or a book.

*A Devastated  
Quarter.*

As I passed the Place de l'Opéra recently, I had the chance of catching a novel sight. Regiments of police marched this way and counter-marched that way. I thought they were playing or had got lost. It seems, however, that this was the dress-rehearsal of what the Parisian will have to support for one long year. The boulevards between the Madeleine and the Bastille will be blocked there, and, while much of the traffic will be diverted to side-streets, the omnibuses will just be able to run through by the sweeping away of the square of the Place de l'Opéra. This is positively ruin for the tradespeople.

*"Colonel" Arthur  
Lynch.*

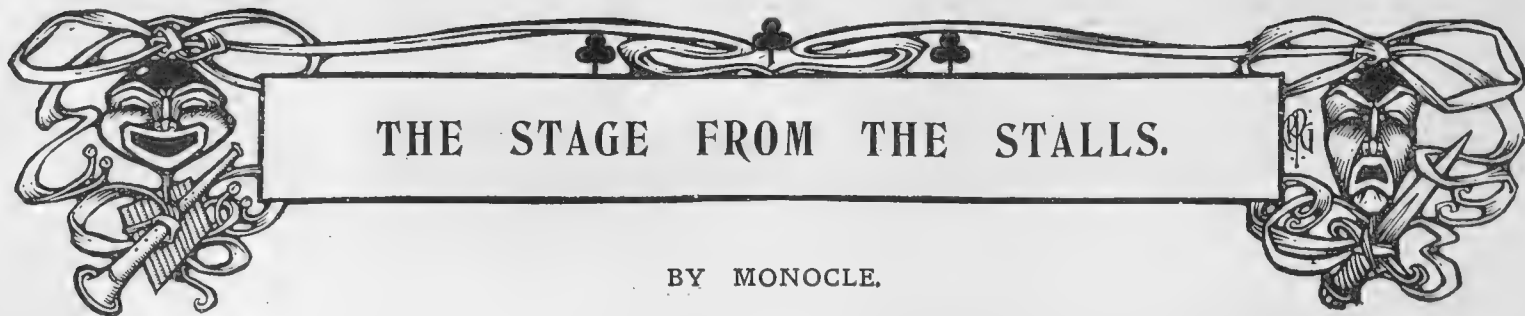
A petition is being got up in Paris for presentation to the King, with a view to the release of Lynch. In the *Matin* the other day, Harduin preached a sermon to the French. He frankly told them that they were never happy unless they were letting off sympathy for something. They sided with the Boers, but never knew why. They have become pathetic over the Macedonians, but have no idea what they want and why they want it more to-day than yesterday. And it is pretty much the same with Lynch.



MISS MAIE ASH, A CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING IN "A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS" AT TERRY'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.





"GAIETY MEMORIES"—MR. ALEXANDER'S CATALOGUE—"A MAN OF HONOUR."

THE new after-piece at the Gaiety, called "The Linkman," forms a capital entertainment, though one feels that it might be developed usefully. At present it offers too much modern history. I should like to have seen a larger collection of specimens of the now extinct burlesque, so that one could form a more definite comparison between what may be called Hollingshead burlesque, George Edwardes musical farce, and George Edwardes musical comedy—for there is a distinct Gaiety species and Daly species of musico-dramatic work. Looking at the entertainment critically, one notices in modern times a distinct improvement in orchestration and in stage setting; but, so far as the dramatic aspect is concerned, there is very little progress. There were some capital imitations. Why we take pleasure in imitations I do not know. Some people are prepared to accept them in every aspect, and joy in "grained woods" and "marbled wall-papers," and so on; I must confess hearty amusement at Miss Violet Lloyd's clever mimicry of Miss Letty Lind, and Miss Ethel Sydney's lifelike Miss Ellaline Terriss, and the Edward Terry of Mr. L. Mackinder and also his somewhat malicious Seymour Hicks; I joined in the laughter at the bitter caricatures of Arthur Roberts by Mr. Henry Grattan.

I am not quite clear that in the two latter cases the players did not indulge in some hitting for which they would have been disqualified at the "N.S.C." It is obvious that the persons mimicked were comparatively easy subjects; but, then, one must admit that, within certain limits, the more marked the personality, the greater the popularity of the player—a proposition exceedingly rich in exceptions. Simply to see and hear Mr. Edmund Payne, Miss Connie Ediss, Mr. Fred Wright junior, and Mr. George Grossmith junior in scraps from their old parts in modern works is not exactly thrilling: this I say without prejudice to their individual ability, since the memories are too recent for the scheme of the entertainment and the tunes they sang are not yet off the barrel-organs, but, rather, in several cases, are at that stage of familiarity which breeds aversion. In a few years they will be fresher than now.

The charming souvenir of the two hundredth performance of "If I were King" gives matter for thought. The souvenir is handsome, and consists of a "birthday" book well bound and containing two or three phrases for each day in the year, taken from plays produced by Mr. Alexander. At the beginning is a list of the plays from which the extracts are taken, and it contains something like an answer to the cry of the great unacted. The list is not exhaustive, but the menu of the O. P. Club dinner, where Mr. Alexander was principal guest and made a very interesting speech, almost fills up the gap by a so-called "list of plays produced by Mr. Alexander," which, however, is not complete, since it misses "The Misogynist," "The Grand sire," and "The Finding of Nancy," to say nothing of "Bogey," which, perhaps, was not, strictly speaking, an Alexandrian production. The result is that since and during 1890 he has produced forty-five new pieces—sixteen of them one-Act works, and twenty-nine of full size—and, in addition, has given two charming Shaksperian revivals, "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It." For convenience, I am going to describe one-Act pieces as comediettas, and the longer plays as comedies, though in some cases the terms will be incorrect. Of the forty-five plays, three—namely, two comedies and one comedietta—were adaptations, and they were quite at the beginning of his career. Since "The Struggle for Life"—which died young, ere November 1890—there have been no adaptations of foreign plays under his management, and, I think, only two adaptations of English novels. Of all the works, but five are by non-British authors, three being by Mrs. Craigie, and one, "Guy Domville," a delightful comedy by Mr. Henry James. The net result is the presentation of forty pieces by native authors, none of which, save three, have been adapted from foreign works. The list of British authors is long. The twenty-six home-grown comedies were by eighteen different writers. I give their names in alphabetical order: Hamilton Aidé (one), Buchanan (one), Comyns Carr (one), R. C. Carton (three), Haddon Chambers (two), H. V. Esmond (two), W. Frith (one), Grundy (one), H. Hamilton (one), Anthony Hope (one and a-half), H. Arthur Jones (two), J. Huntly McCarthy (one), Stephen Phillips (one), Pinero (two), Edward Rose (one and a-half), Miss Syrett (one), W. R. Walkes (one), and Oscar Wilde (two). In the native comediettas appear other names: F. Broughton, A. C. Calmour, W. L. Courtney, Julian Field, and Miss Florence Warden.

Here, then, is a sturdy patron of British drama, and it is with sincere pleasure that one can also say a successful patron, though, working out the number of plays by the length of time, it is obvious that there

have been failures. Adding two Shaksperian revivals and three American comedies to the twenty-six, but deducting two plays produced at trial-matinées, we get twenty-nine comedies presented between Feb. 1, 1890, and the now promised new play—alas, an adaptation from the German—say, about fourteen years. That is to say, there has been an average run of over five months. In style the comedies have ranged from brilliant farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest," to admirable poetic tragedy, such as "Paolo and Francesca," and whilst it would be foolish to deny that, both in aim and achievement, there has been very considerable inequality, one may assert with pleasure that the standard has been high, so high that the historian of British drama will find the records of the St. James's Theatre his richest mine for the period covered by Mr. George Alexander's brilliant management. Indeed, the native dramatists, and consequently native drama, owe more to him during this period than to any other Manager, and I think the same applies to the playgoer. A consideration of the acting, however tempting a subject, seems hardly germane to the question.

In speaking of this aspect of Mr. Alexander's management, I do not mean to suggest that insularity of policy is the ideal. To have relied so greatly on original English work is not necessarily praiseworthy from all points of view. "Protection" is a word abhorrent to art. It is a very fine thing to have avoided the policy of jumping at the latest success of the *boulevards* and producing emasculated or mutilated versions of the Parisian successes which suggest merely a form of life and ideas with which we cannot sympathise, and Mr. Alexander may well be proud of his splendid record; but there are foreign masterpieces so broad in thought as to be universal, and they deserve recognition in any scheme. One in particular, "The Pretenders," has been discussed and considered by several Managers, and on some occasions critics have suggested that the production of the great tragedy would be an admirable service to dramatic art. It is a task outside the range of any, save the few, the very few, great theatrical Managements.

The production by the Stage Society of "A Man of Honour" makes me hope and expect that Mr. Alexander will soon add to his list of native authors the name of Mr. Somerset Maugham. No doubt, the work given at the Imperial would hardly commend itself as it stands to any Manager as a piece for regular production, for the British public would not accept the last Act. During the first three, the power of character-drawing, the sense of observation, and the fine quality of the dialogue might enable it to hold the most reactionary audience, but the horrible truth to nature of the last Act would chill the house. The *mésalliance* between the barmaid and the barrister, who marries her out of a sense of duty; the desperate, tactless efforts of the common girl to keep a love that she has never possessed; the struggle of the weak husband against his love for the charming widow; his failure, and the mutual declaration of unlawful love, followed by the unhappy wife's certainty of her husband's faithlessness, form a poignant, vivid drama, orthodox in idea if novel in treatment. The difficulty arises in the continuation. At the fall of the curtain on the third Act, no one could guess what was going to happen. The style of the writing suggested that Mr. Maugham would not be contented with a solution by suicide of the wife, deep remorse of the guilty lovers; and a determination to keep apart, though, indeed, such a continuation might have led to a strong Act with some suggestion of Zola's remarkable play, "Thérèse Raquin." The author takes another line justified by some finer touches of character in the earlier parts of the play. He shows us the strife in the husband's heart between remorse and joy in freedom, and gives the ugly picture of his man of honour rejoicing indecently in the death of the poor girl who has killed herself on account of him. It is powerful, new, shocking, and, in a sense, admirable as a study of the seamy side of life, and so true that one cannot suggest that it should be changed in order to give the play a chance of winning the success promised by the earlier Acts. Fortunately, the play has been printed, and so people have the chance of reading a piece almost as striking and impressive as a book as on the stage itself. An excellent performance was given. Perhaps Miss Winifred Fraser, as the barmaid wife, showed an occasional touch of unfamiliarity with the vulgar scenes, but, apart from this, her picture of the poor creature was very able and at times pathetic. Miss Terry-Lewis was, perhaps, a little stiff as the widow; but Miss Gertrude Burnet gave a charming piece of acting as her sister in a short, neatly written scene. Mr. Granville Barker, as the husband, though not very well suited physically, played very ably, particularly in the last Act.



MISS KATHLEEN COURTNEY, A YOUNG SINGER AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*



# "IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

BY JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE photographs illustrating this short article cannot fail to be of interest to earnest playgoers, old and young—those whose memory carries them back to the long-ago 'sixties, and those of a later date, to whom the players of that day are little but a dim and distant tradition. To me the portraits of Mathews, Phelps, Toole, Kate Bateman, and Adelina Patti naturally possess a special and distinct significance, since, to a certain extent, they form a part of my own intimate personal history. In looking back over the vista of nearly half a century, what memories of past triumphs of the operatic and dramatic stage they call up may, perhaps, be understood in a faint degree by those younger men who have been so often assured by older friends or relatives that the stage, like the Army, has gone to the dogs since the days of Mathews, Phelps, Toole, and the other great players of their time.

The photograph of Adelina Patti represents that bright little, specially endowed Italian lady just about the time that she became Madame-la-Marquise de Caux. At that period I used to meet her very often on Sundays at the hospitable house of the late Joseph Levy (the father of Sir Edward Lawson) at Lancaster Gate. I often sat next to her at dinner, and sometimes had the honour of "taking her down." She was always very pleasant and unaffected, and talked "shop" without any pretension. She told me that, under her contract with Mr. F. Gye, her impresario, she was forbidden to sing on Sundays in public or private. "For all that," she said, laughing, "I shall probably be tempted to sing a little after dinner."

I call her "specially endowed." If a young lady who has a million sterling lying somewhere in her throat, without choking her, is not "specially endowed," I should like to know who is.

The "Bateman Children" (Kate and Isabella), trained and exploited by their father, Colonel Bateman, were accounted "juvenile prodigies" in their youth, although they never degraded the stage and the drama as they were degraded in what were known as the "palmy days" by the "Infant Roscius." Miss Kate Bateman, in 1863,

made a great success at the Adelphi in Herr Mosenthal's "Deborah," a German play of a semi-religious type, like Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," translated under the title of "Leah the Forsaken." Her powerful voice gave a speech known as "The Curse" an effect that was rarely equalled except by Madame Rachel. Miss Bateman married a gentleman named Crowe and retired from the stage, while her father took the Lyceum and made the famous Henry Irving engagement. Mrs. Bateman and Miss Isabella Bateman joined in the management. Mrs. Crowe has lately returned to the stage and teaching, and her voice still retains much of its old force and impressiveness.

Charles Mathews was an actor who possessed a very rare gift—that of apparent spontaneity. He had the art of concealing his art, and all his stage utterances sounded like veritable impromptus—things that had never been studied. Phelps was a great character-actor as well as a great Manager and theatrical scholar. A performance like his Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in Macklin's "Man of the World" could never be surpassed. Toole was always a genuine low-comedian and an accomplished character-actor. He passed some years of his life at the Gaiety. On Monday, Dec. 22, 1873, Phelps, Mathews, and Toole appeared at the Gaiety Theatre (under my management) in George Colman the younger's five-Act comedy of "John Bull"—a combination that created much wonder and excitement.

The other portrait may be given with a "notice" taken from "Men of the Time," or "Who's Who," or the "Daily Mail Year-Book, 1903." I quote the latter as it is the most recent publication. The portrait is forty years old. "Hollingshead, John, age 75. The Doyen of the Theatrical World; part founder of the Alhambra; founder of the Gaiety; has had more to do with the management of theatres and music-halls than any man living; has written plays, stories, and reminiscences; is something of an authority on the English tongue; knows the streets of London as an open book." "Who's Who" gives the inquirer two other little facts which to me are particularly grateful memories, that I was on *Household Words* under Charles Dickens and on the *Cornhill* under Thackeray.



MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD (1863).



MADAME ADELINA PATTI (1867).

Photographs by H. N. King, London.



"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."



MR. CHARLES MATHEWS AS A MAID-OF-ALL-WORK (1863).



MISS KATE BATEMAN AS "LEAH THE FORSAKEN" (1863).



MR. J. L. TOOLE AT THE AGE OF FORTY.



MR. SAMUEL PHELPS IN MIDDLE LIFE.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London.*



## THE BEGINNINGS OF SPRING.

THE Spring has made haste to reach the land this year. "For, lo, the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth . . . the time of the singing is come," and this is the end of February. Even in dear old grimy London the sparrows have been welcoming the early warm days. The other afternoon, in an office near a quiet City Square, I heard such a concert as convinced me that



PEAR BLOSSOMS.

Photograph by F. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

some hundreds of sparrows must have been twittering around the windows. Our City birds cannot greet the birth of a new year as their country cousins can; the dirt and dust of town keep them from assuming a special dress for mating time; but what they lack in costume they make up for in note—they are so gay and so persistent that they seem to make all the City brighter.

Out in the country only the farmers are suspicious. "We shall get a wet, cold March," they say, "and then all the good that February has accomplished will be undone; a few frosts will spread trouble through all the orchards and check the corn." The farmer is a suspicious man, and, owing to the variety of his crops, he is always justified in being grieved about the weather. Dry weather is bad for his root crops and good for his corn; wet is bad for his corn and good for his roots. February has served him with all consideration, but he is angry because he suspects that the intentions of March are not strictly honourable. I believe the greatest attraction of farming to the Briton is the opportunity it affords him of having a justified perennial grievance. If he could regulate weather and Corn Laws, the farmer would be wealthier, but he would not be happier, for he has learned to thrive on grievances.

If man doubts the intentions of Nature, the birds and the trees have no doubts at all. The furze is aflame with yellow blossom; the willow catkins are in bud; in every wood the bright-green arum shows its pretty, poisonous leaf; the snowdrops have already had their day; the copses are full of violets and primroses, and over all the bushes and hedgerows one can see the pale, tender hue heralding the brighter green banners of the Spring. The rookeries are very noisy now; the mother rook is in the midst of her joys and sorrows, and in a little time the clamorous call of the young birds will keep the parents busy in the vain attempt to appease appetites that are apparently inexhaustible.

Down in the wood that looks out over the river, two woodcocks have paired. They have haunted the wood since last November; I am told, and, when I came back to the neighbourhood last month and had a chance of killing one, I had not any will to do so, much to my present pleasure. For the cock bird goes "roding" in the twilight, passing in measured flight from the wood to the elm copse, thence to the fox-cover, and thence again to the wood. His course is quite

regular and must cover about half-a-mile; he sings with a slight, vibrating note as he goes; and I know that somewhere in the shadowy wood his lady-love is on the watch for him and is enraptured by his curious flight. How glad I am that I stayed my hand when he went out of the grove less than twenty yards away from me not a month ago.

The partridges have broken covey and wander about in pairs, so responsive to the budding year that they have quite forgotten the old fear of men and guns. If there were a man sufficiently brutal to pursue them in these days and the law did not step in and punish him, he might shoot scores of these birds without any trouble at all. Happily, all the guns are set aside now, and even the mother rabbit may safely bring her young family from the "stop" wherein they were born and enjoy some share of the pleasures of the evening. I like to hear the missel-thrush calling just now. He has a wonderful gift of song at this season, and is rather fond of the orchard where presently he and his wife will build their ragged nest and defend mottled eggs and ugly babies against all comers, regardless of size.

Only the old gander refuses to accept the Spring in kindly spirit. He is very aged and very grey; many children have been born to him and to Mother Goose, have grown up in health and vigour, and have failed to negotiate Michaelmas. I think these troubles have preyed upon the gander's mind, and now that Mother Goose has commenced to sit on another batch of eggs he is in the worst of tempers. If he would be content to take possession of the field occupied by his wife, all would be well, but he wants the road also, and the village children on their way to and from school avoid his neighbourhood at the expense of a detour over newly ploughed land. They are well advised; I believe he is able, and I know he is willing, to kill any small child he can come across. Two chickens ventured into his wife's field last week and he killed them at once.

In the strong light that has been breaking over the fields the magpies have assumed some charming colours. The black plumage assumes wonderful bronze colouring that the white feathers throw into further prominence. It is a pity they are such incorrigible rogues. Even now they are looking for young rabbits and birds' eggs, and if a gamekeeper can get within reach of one he will not spare it. Equally brilliant and almost as mischievous are the jays, against whom all game-preservers must wage war.

Just now the shepherds are busy, for the fields are full of new-born lambs. In short, all the country is on the *qui-vive* and expresses its instinct in colour and sound. "Spring is coming," it seems to say. But we know that Great Britain's weather is not above suspicion, and, while we hope for the best, are not sure that Winter will not come back with March.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



IN THE PINE WOODS OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

Photograph by F. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

"THE SPRING IS NEAR."



THE FIRST CROCUSES AND SNOWDROPS.



A GARDEN WALK IN EARLY SPRING.

*Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.*



## MR. DUDLEY HARDY,

PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB AND A POPULAR MEMBER OF "THE SKETCH" CLUB

"LADIES and gentlemen, readers of *The Sketch*—Mr. Dudley Hardy!" The introduction is at once necessary and unnecessary, for though Dudley Hardy's name is one of the most familiar and one of the most popular with the *clientèle* of this paper, as it is with the public at large, his personality has always been kept in the background, and one may know several phases of the artist without knowing either the man or the artist as a whole. Indeed, there are several Dudley Hardys—the Dudley Hardy of black-and-white, the Dudley Hardy of the picture-poster, the Dudley Hardy of the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters, the Dudley Hardy of the Academy, now revelling in the strong movement of the sea, and those who live by it, and then brooding over some low, desolate, overclouded landscape with the melancholy of a Dutchman, as there is the Dudley Hardy weaving thoughts of old-world figures to be painted by the sunlight of to-day.

Dudley Hardy in this last phase is but completing the circle and returning almost to the point at which he started when a youth of twenty. After he had been exhibiting for three years at the Royal Academy, he returned to his now much-beloved Paris to study, though, unlike most Englishmen, he knew French as well as he knew English, for he had been to school at Boulogne. Going to the Salon for the first time, he became so impressed with some of the great pictures—from the point of view of size—that he resolved to paint one himself. With the characteristic boldness of youth, which rushes in where age fears to tread, and in the blind confidence of its indomitable energy overcomes all difficulties, he ordered a canvas twenty feet long by eleven and a-half high, and, with the outcasts of Trafalgar Square for his subject, he began his work with hope. Heedless of everything but the urge within, he went on his way, now in the depths of despair at the difficulties as they appeared insurmountable, now on the hill-tops of exaltation as they were overcome.

At last, the picture which had been such a labour of love was finished and sent to the Salon. Then the reaction came and the boy fell ill. For three long weeks he lay in bed. When he went out, the first place to which he directed his steps was the Salon. In his pocket was a five-franc piece, which represented his whole fortune—all his worldly possessions. When he got to the Salon, he found the ante-room filled with people all as anxious as himself to discover whether their pictures had been accepted. At last, he reached the table and asked the official if he could tell him the fate of his work, "*Sans Asile*."

The man took down a book. "Hardy, Dudley Hardy; '*Sans Asile*,'" he repeated, going through the names. "No, Monsieur, it is not here."

Dudley Hardy's spirits sank. "But perhaps there is another book?" he suggested.

"Yes, there is another book; I will look in it. Hardy, Dudley Hardy; '*Sans Asile*.' No, Monsieur, it is not here."

Dudley Hardy's soul enwrapped itself in a mantle of despair. "Not here," he thought; "could the frame-maker have failed to send it in?" The picture could not be lost; that was one thing certain, for no one could easily lose a picture twenty feet long. Perhaps there was yet another book, and again he approached the keeper of the chronicles. The man smiled a commiserating smile. "Well, yes, there is another book; but if it's not in either of the two I have looked in, it is hardly likely to be in that," he said. "Still, you might look," pleaded the boy.

The man got down the volume. "Hardy, Dudley Hardy; '*Sans Asile*,'" he murmured once again. The expression of his face changed. "Yes, Monsieur, it is here, marked Number One."

"Number One!" shouted the boy, "Number One!" That means it is certain to be hung," and, in the enthusiasm, the glorious enthusiasm of youth, he flung his hat with all his might right up to the ceiling, and, catching it with the crown dented in as it fell, he put it on his head, and went out, laughing, through the crowd.

"Monsieur's picture is taken; I hope Monsieur will have great success," said the porter at the door, noticing the radiant young face.

Dudley Hardy put his hand into his pocket and took out the five-franc piece. "Drink to my success," he said, and he went forth without a penny to his name.

But what is Paris, at twenty-one, even with empty pockets, when one's picture is certain of a place in the Salon? He called a cab; he drove to a restaurant; he ordered wine for himself and wine for the coachman, and waited for something to turn up. He waited for two hours; then a friend came by. "Well," said the latter, "any news of the picture?" "It's in," said Dudley Hardy, and, before he could be congratulated, asked, "Got any money?" The friend turned out his pockets and shared his store. Telegrams were sent home and the occasion was duly celebrated. To-day that picture may be seen in the Public Gallery at Sheffield, to which it was presented by an admirer of the artist.

The Dudley Hardy of the hoardings, the designer of how many striking picture-posters, was the evolution of Chance, whose sister's

name is Destiny. If Dudley Hardy was not the first to begin artistic pictures for advertising purposes, he was certainly among the first to sign them. He had done a few, but had given up the work; when one day Mr. Jerome K. Jerome went to his studio. "Look here, Hardy," he said, "I'm going to bring out a new paper. I'm going to call it *To-Day*, and I want you to do me a poster—one of your own girls, a very modern girl, coming right out of the picture at the people." "This sort of thing?" said the artist, picking up a pencil and making a rough sketch. "The very thing!" said Jerome. "And she shall have a yellow dress," said the artist. He made the poster and went off to Italy for a holiday. When he came back, the first thing that met his eye at Folkestone was his Yellow Girl. No one needs reminding the effect it made. Then Mr. George Edwardes wanted a poster for "*A Gaiety Girl*." The printers supplied sketches. "No," said the Manager of the Gaiety Theatre, "those won't do; go and get the man who designed the Yellow Girl to make a sketch for me." And so the Red Girl came into existence, and since then how many others, down to "*The Girl from Kay's*."

That Dudley Hardy should be an artist is not remarkable, for he inherited his bias from his father, the famous marine-painter, for whose work he entertains the greatest appreciation. Indeed, Dudley Hardy used often to help his father, and they have more than once

collaborated on canvas, he painting in the figures on the ships which his father had finished. One of his father's ship-models is among his most cherished possessions, and he is using it for the picture he has been painting for the Royal Institute's next exhibition—a picture which was conceived and carried out with almost lightning speed.

In his studio hangs his father's palette, and on it are the colours which the old painter left the last time he used it. It is interesting to recall, in connection with the work of the father and son, that the Committee of the Junior United Service Club gave to the elder Hardy a commission to paint "*The Defeat of the Armada*," and when death interrupted the work the commission to finish it was transferred to the son.

Dudley Hardy has one characteristic which never fails to amuse those who know him best. He calls himself a "methodical man," and alleges that the reason is that he never knows where to find anything when he wants it. For this reason he is always inventing little means of his own to carry out large ends.

On the matter of billiards, Dudley Hardy is not in the least sensitive. Like a modern Hamlet, however, he has been of late in constant practice, and if Tom Browne, like a new Laertes, is anxious to have a bout on the green table with cues for weapons, his comrade in art will not be remiss in accepting the challenge, and there may be sport to chronicle for the readers of *The Sketch*.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY AT WORK ON A "CHARACTER FROM SHAKSPEARE."

Photographed exclusively for "*The Sketch*."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXIV.—DUDLEY HARDY.



"YES, I WORK HARD."



"I ALSO PLAY HARD."



"THIS PALETTE BELONGED TO MY FATHER, T. B. HARDY."



"WHILST HERE IS A MODEL OF A BOAT——"



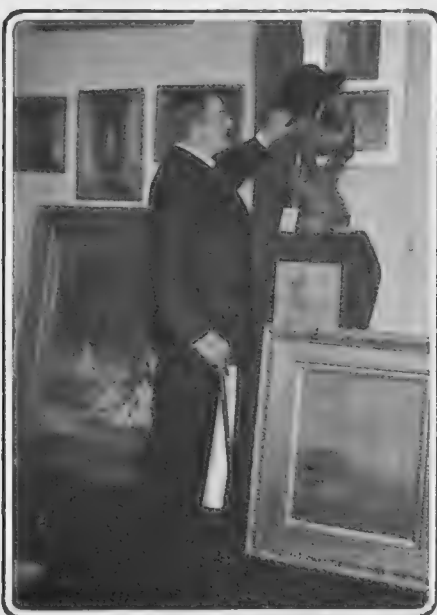
"——THAT I AM USING FOR MY NEW PICTURE—A FISHING SCENE."



"NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!"



"HERE IS A PISTOL. I MAY AS WELL RID THE WORLD OF ONE INTERVIEWER, AT ANY RATE."



"GONE? GOOD! I NOW REMOVE MY HAT FROM ITS ACCUSTOMED FEG——"



"——AND TAKE A GENTLE STROLL ROUND THE PARK BEFORE LUNCH."



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

DR. ALDIS WRIGHT contributes to the *Cambridge Review* a sketch of his friend the late Professor Cowell. Cowell was the son of a corn-merchant in Ipswich, and on leaving school went into his father's business. While still quite young, he was left in full charge by his father's early death, and he resolutely held to his duty as the eldest of the family. But he never for a moment abandoned the studies of Arabic and Persian which he had begun at school. On his weekly visits to Mark Lane, after transacting the necessary business, he would go to the India House in Leadenhall Street and copy Sanskrit manuscripts. In 1847, when only just of age, he married Elizabeth Charlesworth, a lady some fourteen years older than himself. The difference of years was no difference at all, for Cowell was never young, and the marriage was in every way successful.

Dr. Aldis Wright, as the literary executor of FitzGerald, speaks with authority on the famous friendship between Cowell and FitzGerald. He thinks their first acquaintance took place about the year 1846, and that Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, brought them together. The result was the translation of Omar Khayyám. A year or two before Borrow's death, Cowell, fortified by a letter from FitzGerald, went over and called upon him at Oulton, and he told him that "Wild Wales" had inspired him with the idea of learning Welsh. Cowell was in India during the Mutiny, and had to serve as a Volunteer and shoulder a musket.

In 1867 the Professorship of Sanskrit was established at Cambridge, and Cowell was appointed to the Chair, which he held till his death, to the great advantage of the University. Though he was one of the least self-assertive of men, he would say, with perfect truth, "I know I can teach," and Sir Frederick Pollock in the *Pilot* bears witness to the happiness and instruction his pupils received from him. In acknowledging a portrait presented to him on his seventieth birthday, Cowell said: "I can truly say that I have always found, and still find, my life's happiness bound up in my life's work. It has been a keen delight to me to hand on the torch to other and younger men, to enter into their hopes and ambitions, and thus to forget one's own limitations and failures in the wider horizon which opens before them in the future." Cowell was buried in the quiet churchyard of the little Suffolk village of Bramford, where he spent the early years of his married life. It was there that FitzGerald delighted to visit him. I may add that one of Cowell's favourite pupils was the late Mr. R. A. Neil, of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cowell was, perhaps, somewhat reticent about his associations with FitzGerald. Those who wish to know his view of the famous translation may find it, I think, in a paper contributed by Mr. Neil to the *Cambridge Review* some years ago.

Mr. Bullen has published an edition of the poetry of George Wither, and thus added another to the many great services for which all serious students of English literature are so deeply indebted to him. Mr. Swinburne delights to show his visitors a copy of Wither's

"Juvenilia" which belonged to Charles Lamb and is enriched by his annotations. On this book Mr. Swinburne wrote a *Fortnightly Review* article, which has been reprinted in his "Miscellanies." But the many reprints of Wither's works are imperfect or very rare, and students had, for the most part, to content themselves with Lamb's essay and with selections. We have now two volumes of an excellent edition, with critical and bibliographical matter by Mr. Frank Sidgwick, and a third volume is promised.

So far, the spring season promises to be very quiet, but some important books are announced. Among them are Lord Acton's *Lectures on the French Revolution* and a volume of Alexander Hamilton's *Letters*, edited by Mrs. Atherton. American novels have apparently become more popular in this country. Among the authors to be represented are James Lane Allen, Winston Churchill, Charles Major, W. S. Davis, and Mrs. Nancy Banks. Messrs. Macmillan announce "From the Unvarying Star: A Yorkshire Story," by Elsworth Lawson. Mr. Lawson was formerly a Nonconformist minister in England, and now occupies a pulpit in Mexico.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are to publish in this country "Memories of Vailima," by Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. This appeared in America some time ago. The long-delayed volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne is promised for the spring by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. Andrew Lang has been giving voice to the continual complaint of subscribers to circulating libraries—that they cannot get the book they want immediately on demand. The librarians have replied in a spirited fashion. They tell us what I am quite prepared to believe, that readers often wish to take inferior novels, and are not satisfied with the best books. Also, in ordinary cases, libraries cannot afford to buy many copies of expensive books. I imagine that, on the whole, the circulating libraries are not very profitable to the proprietors. Readers are dissatisfied if the supply of books is not abundant. Books cost money. They soon go out of fashion, and have to be sold at a very considerable loss. Speaking from a pretty large

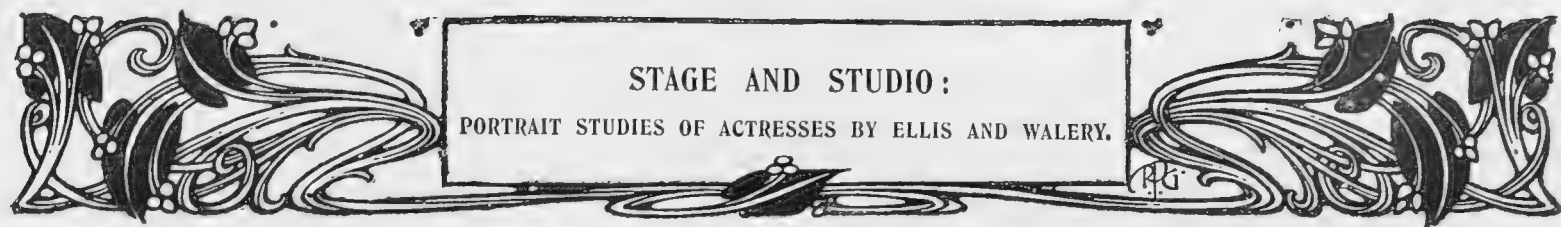
experience, I have found much reason to admire the sense and enterprise of libraries throughout the country. They are very anxious to meet the legitimate wishes of their customers. As for Messrs. Smith's admirably managed Bookstall Libraries, they are the greatest possible boon, especially to those who live in country towns.

We are to have a new edition of Sir George Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," prefaced by a biographical sketch of the author by his youngest son, Arthur Irwin Dasent. Long ago, Messrs. Macmillan announced a *Life of Delane* by Sir George Dasent, but it never came out. It was understood that the *Times* objected to the publication. Dasent did much work for the *Times*, and published one novel at least, but it is by his "Tales from the Norse" that he will be remembered. He was a pioneer when the book appeared, nearly fifty years ago.—O. O.



A SON OF NIMROD.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

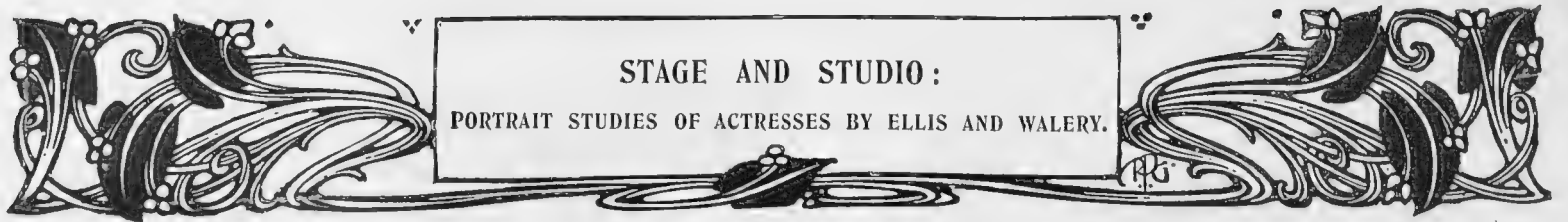


STAGE AND STUDIO:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ACTRESSES BY ELLIS AND WALERY.



MISS EDNA MAY.

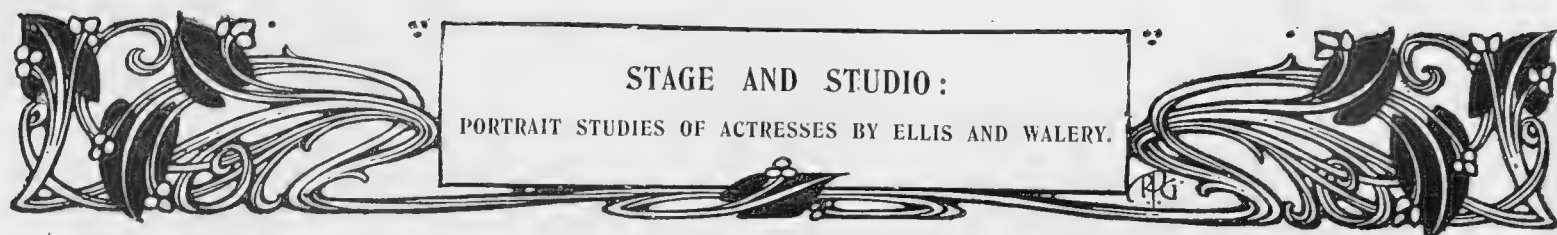




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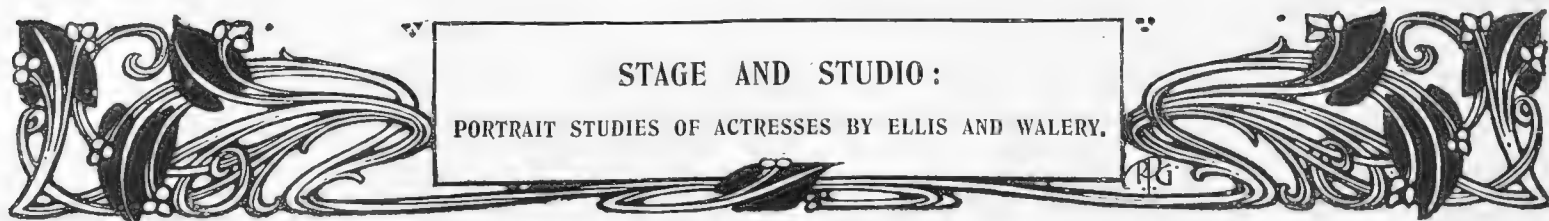


MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.



MISS ALICE DAVIS.





MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX.

## FOUR NEW NOVELS.

**"KARL OF ERBACH."**

By H. C. BAILEY.  
(Longmans. 6s.)

Mr. Bailey rather commends his work than otherwise by his apology which gives the reader to understand that his story is not so much of the great figures of the Thirty Years' War as of one who "thought the glory of Wallenstein and Tilly not worth the winning." "Karl of Erbach" presents an admirable study of a strong man, who plays his own game in his own way, with honour and conscience ever before him, and the setting, with its thrilling chances of love and war, is finely managed in the gallant style of historical fiction. Karl has for long maintained the peace and happiness of Solgau, but, when at last he is drawn into the struggles of the time, proves himself more than a match for the traitor, Ludwig Lichtenstein, and wins the due reward of valour. But before the lady Yolande is his, there are terrible doings in Solgau, and the author contrives to give, with a deft suggestive touch, the atmosphere of the last days of feudalism. Particularly skilful in its restraint is the scene wherein the foolish young Prince Max, Ludwig's brother-in-law, who has lost the garrison of Weissberg, is summarily beheaded by the emissaries of France in the courtyard at Lichtenstein, with his kinsman's pusillanimous assent. For that deed, and for the murder of his wife, Dorothea, Lichtenstein has at last to reckon with Karl of Erbach, the man in whom one cannot but believe when he cries, "I trust myself; and, by God, I will go on to the end!" The reader, too, goes on to the end of a brave tale, bravely told.

**"ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE."**

By GUSTAV JANSON.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

For some time to come the Boer War is likely to form the subject of a great many novels, but in this instance it serves as the text for a sermon against war in the abstract. The first Part deals almost entirely with an old missionary who travels with a small contingent of the Boer forces and lifts up his voice in unceasing complaint against the shedding of blood. The author breaks off his account of an exciting action to give us a series of tableaux showing the result of the War on certain individuals in England—the father, the wife, the *fiancée*; and these descriptions can only be stigmatised as hysterical and so lacking in artistic restraint as to defeat their own object. It is not till we read Part II. that we arrive at consecutive narrative, but from this point the book improves. The hiding-place of some guns and ammunition has been betrayed to the English—betrayed inadvertently by Isaac van der Nath, who believed in the integrity of a scoundrel. His father is one of the elders, and they have sworn a solemn oath that, once the culprit discovered—be he even a blood-relation—he must suffer death. Isaac himself never attempts to flee from the consequences of his folly. Together, father and son ride out on one horse to the place of execution. Vainly the father hopes some accident of war, some stray soldiers of the enemy, may accomplish the work he has pledged himself to do; but, on reaching the goal, it is Isaac who comes to the rescue, knowing his father's anguish. Abraham hears a shot and turns to find his son dead. The final chapter, "De Mortuis," contains a fine if terribly gruesome account of the holding of a kopje by some eighty Boers against a regiment of English. The struggle ended in a hand-to-hand fight and the total annihilation of the Boers, and the reader is not spared one single detail of the carnage. As is the case with most translations, the book is very wordy. It is Pro-Boer in tendency, but, on the whole, the author metes out to the English a fairer treatment than they are wont to receive at the hands of a foreigner.

**"RED-HEADED GILL."**

By RYE OWEN.  
(Arrowsmith. 6s.)

There is revolution in the Stock Company of Ideas. At the will of their patrons, the gallery fiction-writers and their higher-caste colleagues of the pit and the stalls, the faultless hero and heroine and the utterly black villain have appeared so frequently that not even new and strange trappings can hide the crow's-feet under the eye and the wrinkles on the cheek. The pit-author still finds occasional use for them; the gallery-author will, perhaps, never dismiss them; but to the stalls-author they have become anathema. Lately, the woman with a dual personality has emerged so often into the light of letters that she, too, finds it increasingly difficult to disguise her age. Yet, Mr. Rye Owen, by giving her a new make-up and a new dress and by providing her with a new setting, has contrived to make her reappearance welcome. Her name in this, her latest rôle, is Barbara Trehanna of Trehanna, *née* Trehanna.

Her double entity is ingeniously brought about, chiefly through the agency of a roll of white silk, the scent from which has the uncanny power to change "Red-headed Gill," the happy country girl, into the other "Red-headed Gill," her ancestor, whose portrait hangs in the Squire's house—a mental transformation which, though it brings prosperity to the Trehanna estates by the discovery of a hidden working of the supposed barren copper-mine of Carvarron, brings proportionate poverty of love to her husband. When she marries him, indeed, it is part of a bargain made with the intention of saving the estate from the ruin threatening it, and it is only when the silk, in the form of a dress, has been removed through the machinations of an otherwise superfluous Hindu that matters are straightened out and the relations of Squire and Dame take a love instead of a business footing. Altogether, "Red-headed Gill" is a pleasant "domestic" story.

**"THE WOMAN OF MYSTERY."**

By GEORGES OHNET.  
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Messrs.

Chatto and

Windusde-

serve the

hearty thanks of fiction-lovers for their enterprise in publishing translations of the novels of Georges Ohnet. The latest of these, "The Woman of Mystery," many will read at a sitting, since not for one moment does the interest flag. The story is that of a beautiful adventuress, who, under various guises, attempts to discover the secret of a marvellous explosive which is to revolutionise warfare and place France once more in a position of

military supremacy. Incidentally, it will also be of great commercial value, from its power and comparative cheapness. The tale opens with a mysterious tragedy in which General Trémont, the inventor, is murdered and his house and laboratory blown to infinitesimal atoms, the only clue to the murderer being a severed arm tattooed "Hans und Minna." The rest of the story is mainly concerned with the adventures of Marcel Baradier, a gallant and handsome young scientist who is the sole possessor of the coveted formulæ. His father and uncle are in terror at his possession of the secret, and fear the machinations of their unscrupulous foe, Lichtenbach, a Jewish financier, so Marcel goes down to their factory at Ars, ostensibly to make some researches in dyeing, but also to complete his experiments in connection with the explosive. "The Woman of Mystery" follows him; he falls in love with her, and she with him; the mysterious "Hans" again comes upon the scene, this time furnished with a formidable steel arm, inspires the workmen to revolt, sets fire to the factory, and, in the confusion, commits another murder and steals the formulæ. One thing, however, is lacking—the secret of manipulation. How the attempt to obtain this is foiled must not be divulged. However, all ends happily. Mr. F. Rothwell has ably translated the book.



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## NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



V.—"THE PAVEMENT ARTIST."



## CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



XI.—PORTIA.

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAIN'D;  
IT DROPPETH, AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN, UPON THE PLACE BENEATH."

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A COMEDY OF BROKEN HEARTS.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



### ACT I.

They were both very young, tremendously in love, and astonishingly inexperienced. And

to this, in itself, sufficiently distressing mixture—of youth and love and inexperience—she added a worldly-minded mother, and he the very smallest thing that could possibly be called an income. Also they heaped the measure of their joint unhappiness with such trifles as unfailing obedience to the maternal voice, a reliance that was childlike on the maternal wisdom, a self-deprecating fear of hurting a beloved object, and all sorts of maidenly and gentlemanly scruples behind the age, but not by any means less sweet and fresh for that. They hadn't the suspicion of a vice, a selfish thought between them, and they were so obviously and entirely made for each other that it was, from the first, quite inevitable that they should be parted.

They proved, indeed, only too easy to part. Even the worldly-minded mother would have been better satisfied with a victory not so very quickly won. Her daughter's tears hardly moved her more than the young man's gentle, sad-faced reasonableness, and together they almost persuaded her to overlook the microscopic income, though neither made any but the most passive efforts to achieve that so desired end.

But she hastily summoned her worldly-mindedness, and by its aid decided, once for all, that it would be a pity to disturb their angelic resignation for the sake of a poor and preposterously commonplace marriage. And she urged the young man to accept a post that had been offered him in India with a voice so tenderly like her daughter's that he very nearly refused to comply—he missed from it the sting, goading to sacrifice, which he had lately come to associate with himself and Fate.

However, he did comply. The offered work held out hopes of advancement, of moderate but sufficient wealth, in the vague middle distance of life. And who can tell what other mad hopes were bred of that solitary hope, wedded to desire, in the mind of a man very young, very inexperienced, very much in love? But he did not say anything to the girl about waiting for him and his future fortunes. He had promised her mother not to, and he was the very pattern of an honourable youth.

Of course, the girl noticed the omission. She wasn't too angelic for that. She called it the "unkindest cut" of all, and she cried her blue eyes colourless and dim because of it—or thought she did. In reality, she cried a good deal less because of it, and it helped her, as nothing else could have helped her, to marry the man of her mother's choice a short year later.

She was one of those one-idea'd, eternally faithful women by nature, and, if she had been asked to wait, she would have patiently and obstinately waited through a lifetime. But it is never the most honourable men who bind these priceless women to them, and his failure to demand her allegiance undermined her tottering faith in her right to set aside her mother's urgent wishes. She couldn't decide how far it was permissible to devote herself uninvited to a man, even in thought; and her mother, on the other hand, was absolutely sure that it was not wrong to marry a man without loving him.

The mother was so sure that she carried the day, just as she had done before. And thus the girl was hurried into a marriage

which she told herself would break her broken heart afresh. At any rate, it broke her spirit. But, then, she had never been conspicuously spirited.

### ACT II.

Herein lies a story how often told already? So many times written, so many times read, that the greatest indulgence of reader and writer alike are surely craved for it. She, tricked by a mistaken idea into a marriage much against her inclination, to become a self-effacing but never interesting wife, the pale mother of pale children. He, ignorant for years of the full extent of the barrier dividing them, lured by a forlorn hope across half a lonely lifetime.

His figure had lost its old boyishness, his hair was thickly flecked with grey, but his pockets were comfortably lined and his position assured, when, quite casually, he learnt that the woman whose fidelity he had clung to through all their separation and silence had failed him within twelve months of their parting.

He told himself that every dividing year, every hard-working day, every long, breathless night, had built his old love more firmly into the fabric of his being. In the early twenties, knowing her to be false, he might have put her image from him and lived to be no less ultimately happy for the healed wound. But, coming now, so late, after so long, it unmanned him. He told himself again that he was heart-broken, and, absorbed in that belief, forgot to rail at the whole false sex, betrayed by a single individual, which is the acknowledged panacea of the broken-hearted.

The news had reached him not only tardily, but with a singular lack of detail—just the bare fact of her marriage at that far-off date and nothing more. No doubt, he might have collected further information from the same source, but he shrank nervously from doing so. To know what manner of man had supplanted him—what good could that do him? That any man had been allowed to appropriate what he had so long looked upon as his own seemed in itself a sorrow dense enough to darken the remainder of his days. Habit chained him for a time to his work, but his interest was gone and his health began seriously to fail. How much that was due to continuous residence in a trying climate, how much to the blow, it would be difficult to determine. He, at any rate, exonerated the climate.

But, for all that, he was forced to leave it. His friends carried him, too weak to protest further, on to a homeward-bound ship. They never thought of consulting him. Of course, he would want to go home. What Englishman of them all, chained by circumstance to that land of threatening liver and ever-present mosquitoes, would miss the chance of a breakdown to take him back to England?

So it was that he awoke from the lethargy of extreme weakness to find the salt sea-breezes blowing health back to him, whether he would or no; found the strong, hearty winds urging him to the pursuit of new ideas with a life renewed; found the restless waves hurrying him to the land he had so long wearied to see. Waves and winds cared nothing for his change of mind. As he sat brooding on his deck-chair, he seemed to hear them laughing boisterously together over the frail fancies he held so sacred. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," they seemed to say. (Waves and winds are proverbially blustering and coarse of wit.) "Why, she may be fat; she must be nearly forty, to judge by you! In England, the land of healthy, pretty women, a man may soon find healing for love-sickness. Man alive! What is one woman among so many, when all are fair? Choose a maiden fresh and youthful, and in her smiles forget a pale myth of an outlived age. You have managed without her all these years, and done not so badly—come now, own up! How much pleasure has there been mingled in your pretty pretence of sorrow? Even now you might be in a far worse case."



Why, you might be bound, irretrievably bound, to a woman worn and aged and changed in a thousand ways from the girl you remember—a woman you would not know if you passed her in the street! And, instead, you are free as air—as free as we are—to make a fresh choice; to teach love anew to a young heart—how much better than you could teach it when you were raw and ignorant yourself you alone know!”

But he put his lean, brown hands over his ears; he would not listen to the voices of winds and waves. He clutched with all the desperation of a drowning man at his frayed belief in his own perfect faithfulness. He defied the pagan creed of the untamed seas. He passionately vowed, for the sake of his cherished middle-aged self-respect, to marry no young girl.

### ACT III.

And he kept the letter of his vow. He certainly married, and only a few months after his return; but the wife he chose was nearly of an age with himself—a widow, frail and delicate, and faintly reminiscent of a bygone prettiness. The first time he saw her, before they were introduced, she reminded him of his old love. He could not have said how or where, but it proved an attraction strong enough to chain him to her side, to bring him quickly to her feet—he who had never done anything before without the utmost deliberation and thought. And she was not by any means generally fascinating, only one of those gentle, colourless women who fail to interest even their friends, but who generally succeed in obtaining and holding fast the warmest attachment of a certain class of quiet, shy men.

Her past was peopled by her former husband and her ailing children, now all lost to her, but she did not find much to tell him about them. She spoke to him more about an early attachment that had proved unfortunate. She shook it out of the rose-leaves and lavender of memory in which she had long laid it for his inspection—a crumpled, faded relic of her girlhood. “We were both very young. His name was Brown, too,” she said, with her uncertain smile.

He remembered afterwards that she seemed to look at him rather curiously, as though expecting a question he did not put; as though she was surprised but not ill-pleased that he should let the subject drop. At the time, he was only afraid of distressing her with continuing it. He believed she had made a special effort on his behalf, and he was unwilling she should take trouble to please him when he was so well pleased without. He had been quick to notice that, as a rule, beyond her little ailments and the most trivial passing events, few things stirred her to conversation.

Yet he fell honestly in love with her; fought and conquered for her sake his ingrained reluctance to set any woman in the place of the woman who had failed him. This was the sort of woman she might

have grown into, he said, in self-defence. An occasional trick of speech or gesture in his new idol would remind him quite startlingly of his old idol; but he decided that women were more alike, after all, than he had thought them. Although he half-despised himself for unfaithfulness, he half-excused himself because, at least, he was faithful to a type. The love of his youth seemed very near him as he gave himself unreservedly to the love of his middle-age. He seemed to know this woman by instinct. He had no need to question or worry her to learn all he required to learn about her.

Then, one day, she returned to the dropped topic of her early love, and there was the merest trace of excitement in her voice.

“His name was Charlie,” she said, “that boy I told you about. Don’t you think that makes it more than ever of a coincidence—our love—since your name is Charles?”

“I used to be always called Charlie—once,” he said, absently, for he was looking very intently at her.

Her pale cheeks flushed almost youthfully. “I wonder,” she went on, “you have no story to tell me—no old romance. Surely you met someone abroad—or before you went abroad?”

She was looking younger and brighter than he had ever seen her. It was marvellous, the transformation of just that touch of colour in her cheeks—how it rounded them, helped her to shake off the marks of trouble, the hand of Time. To-day, she had laid aside her heavy black—black never suited her—and her hair was more loosely twisted, perhaps. And then, in her eyes—a most unusual thing—was a stray gleam of fun and mischief, showing her alive to the comedy that springs sometimes from heart-breaking issues: in this instance the comedy of her having recognised him at once, although so much had come into her life between them; of his having failed to recognise her, although she had never for a clear hour left his thoughts.

But he knew her now.

“How can you ever forgive my blindness?” he said.

But it seemed his blindness had pleased her. “Cannot you see,” she asked, “that I might prefer to be loved for what I am now rather than for something I was once but never can be again? Now I know that you love me because I reminded you of a girl you used to love, but also for myself—a woman growing old. You do not *only* love me because you used to love me and think it is your duty never to leave off doing a thing you have once begun.”

And she owned to having done what little she could to keep up a delusion that had come by chance; the chance that had kept him dreaming of a girl still as a girl for—well, long past her girlhood.

So, in the end, he married his first love, having fallen in love with her the second time. So two hearts, once set aside as broken, were very credibly patched for further use.

## THE KING'S SON OF FAIRYLAND.

BY NORA CHESSEON.

The King's Son of Fairyland was young and tall and fair,  
The King's Son of Fairyland had gold upon his hair,  
A sword of beaten silver hung shining by his knee  
When the King's Son of Fairyland he came a-courting me.

His coat was of the rose-colour, his cap was of the silk,  
His collar was of moonstones like water dashed with milk,  
His hair was like the brown leaf, his eyes were like the sea,  
And the King's Son of Fairyland he came a-courting me.

O, I was but a milking-lass, my feet were brown and bare,  
But he said that not in Fairyland was any maid so fair;  
He took my heart between his hands, so masterful was he,  
When the King's Son of Fairyland he came a-courting me.

“I'll shoe your feet in velvet, I'll girdle you with gold,  
No sun shall burn your whiteness, no wind shall blow you cold;  
Your bed shall be of swansdown, your quilt of rose-leaves be,”  
Said the King's Son of Fairyland when he came a-courting me.

I was not eager for the gold, nor yet for velvet shoon,  
Nor yet to dance at ghostly hours beneath the ghostly moon;  
But his arms were warm around me and his eyes were kind to see,  
And the King's Son of Fairyland is love and life to me.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's quaintly named play, "Whitewashing Julia," you will find the author exploiting much of his usual caustic humour concerning Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries and smaller church folk in his first Act, at a Fête and Bazaar given in aid of a Fund for Poor Curates; also that the whitewashing of poor Julia (otherwise Mrs. Wren), to be enacted by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is carried on at a place which the dramatist calls Shancetonbury. The author's clever daughter, Miss Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones, has been allotted an excellent character called Trixie Blenkinsop; Miss Dolores Drummond has a very droll part named Mrs. Benbow; Master Charles Warren, the little son of those quaint music-hall sketchists, Charles Warren and Marguerite Fish, has a capital boy's rôle; and Mr. Bouchier has a fine comedy-character, bearing the not altogether unecclesiastical surname of Stillingfleet.

Mr. George Edwardes assures me that he has really selected the German comic opera, "Madame Sherry," for his (and Mr. Charles Frohman's) next production at the Prince of Wales'. I gather from Mr. Edwardes that the English libretto will be from the pen of a well-known War Correspondent.

Since my last week's remarks concerning Miss Ellen Terry's plans for her forthcoming season at the Imperial Theatre, I learn that the gifted actress, who is just now taking a short truly rural rest, has finally decided to start, as I predicted, with an adaptation of Ibsen's old play, "The Vikings." This will be followed by a romantic comedy by Miss Clo. Graves.

I may, perhaps, here be permitted to remark that Miss Terry was, at the time of writing, engaged in celebrating with appropriate rejoicings the anniversary of her birth, which, as she has more than once gleefully assured those of us who have the privilege of her friendship, really took place at *both* those quaint old Coventry houses

now frontally names himself "Dick," so as not to be confounded with his brother, Mr. Robert Ganthony, the entertainer. Mr. "Dick" Ganthony is an excellent "character" and "heavy villain" actor—take, for example, his realistic impersonation of the brutal murderer,



MISS CLARE RICKARDS, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED AT THE SAVOY IN "NAUGHTY NANCY."

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS BESSIE BROKE IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

Chim Fang, in that strong but gruesome miniature tragedy, "The Cat and the Cherub." But, of course, this Mr. Ganthony's chief English and American claim to dramatic fame up to the moment of writing rests upon his delightful "Dickensy" comedy, "A Message from Mars." Speaking of "The Prophecy," I am glad to learn that the ending thereof has been much improved since the play had its trial week at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.

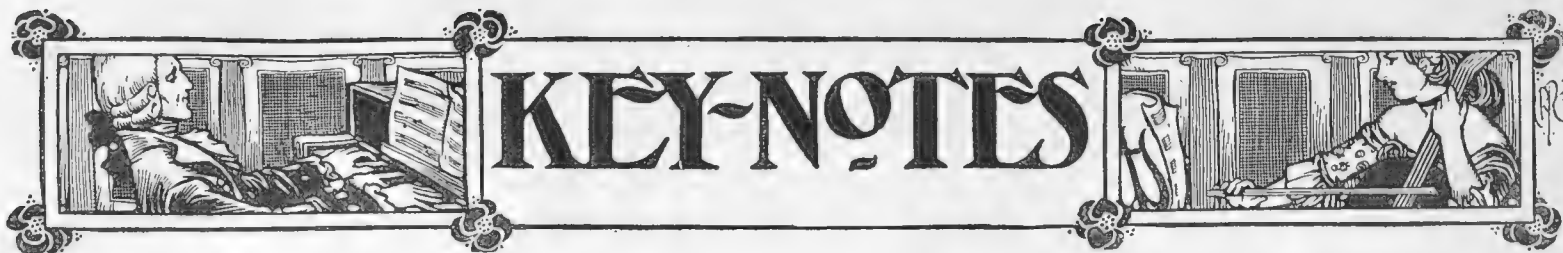
Saturday week (instead of the following Monday, as originally arranged) is the date now selected for the first regular West-End production at Terry's Theatre of the new comedy-opera, "My Lady Molly," as written by Mr. G. H. Jessop and composed by Mr. Sidney Jones. I say first "regular" West-End production because many seem to think that "My Lady Molly" has never been seen in London before. As a matter of fact, it was given at a semi-public performance at the Adelphi some weeks ago, prior to starting its tour at Brighton, and was duly noticed in *The Sketch*. The cast will remain principally the same as at that first performance; that is to say, it will include Mr. Richard Green, Mr. Bert Gilbert, Miss Sybil Arundale, and Miss Decima Moore. As "My Lady Molly" has a bright if somewhat conventional story, and as Mr. Sidney Jones's music is in his most melodious vein, this comedy-opera's West-End success should be at least equal to that which it has achieved on tour. And that, I can assure you, is saying a great deal.

Sir Charles Wyndham informs me that he has chosen to-morrow week (the 12th inst.) for the opening night of his fine new playhouse, the New Theatre, which I fully described in my last week's mems. I may, perhaps, be permitted to remind those who wish to try to be present that the piece to be presented is that dainty early Victorian comedy, "Rosemary," and that the takings will be given to the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. Seats will be allotted in the order of application and in accordance with the prices offered.

that respectively claim that honour! This naïve confession of Miss Terry shows, of course, that she is anxious not to spoil "business."

Next Saturday, at the Avenue, where "The Adoption of Archibald" had so short a run, Mr. Herbert Sleath will produce for the first time at the West-End the recently tried "Solar Eclipse" play entitled "The Prophecy." This is the work of Mr. Richard Ganthony, who





THE late Mr. Gillman had a claim upon the critical public no less than on the artistic combination which made the Memorial Concert given on Saturday week at the Crystal Palace a matter to deal with very seriously. It is a great pity that the artists who volunteered their services for that concert did not in a body assemble to prove their respect for the dead Manager. Name after name was apologised for on the platform, and one felt that, under other circumstances—save, let us say, that of a gratuitous concert—the omissions would not have been so notable. Madame Ella Russell, Miss Marguerite Macintyre, and Mr. Andrew Black were all prevented from appearing by the coincident reason of colds. One uses the word “coincident” not from any feeling or desire to make a little point against any particular singer, but because, as a wit once said, one likes to “talk about the weather”; and it is strange to find how the weather seems to affect sensitive throats just at the psychological moment.

Meanwhile, the concert, one is glad to record, did excellent business from a financial standpoint. Mr. Gillman was a man who endeavoured at all times to combine courtesy with the business instinct; and it was right that he was so far honoured on this very melancholy occasion as to command the sympathy and the generosity of the outside public. One of the chief singers at this concert was Mr. Charles Santley; he, at all events, allowed no obstacle to interfere with the recognition of Mr. Gillman's memory. He sang “Thou art passing hence, my brother,” wonderfully well, almost persuading his hearers that he was still not far removed from being a youthful baritone.

The Pianoforte Recital given by Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus at the St. James's Hall last week once more proved that here is a player who satisfies one because he never by any chance indulges in any eccentricity; at the same time, he possesses an extraordinary and most accomplished technique. In Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor, although it may be said that he approached the matter in hand from a somewhat business-like point of view, he nevertheless showed very great intelligence in the manner in which he had overcome, phrase by phrase, and had realised quite apart from the sentimental atmosphere in which the work was written, the actualness—or, as Bret Harte called it, the “actuosity”—of the composer's meaning. Mr. Backhaus is, in a word, a player who would never by any chance be suspected of any excessive outlook upon the world of his art. Just as the passage of time, during the common day, reaches one with a commonplace sort of appeal, so does music reach Mr. Backhaus; and he repeats it to you with so charming and so fine a technical accomplishment that it is necessary now and then to make a sort of self-examination to discover if this be everyday playing, or if it be playing after the best example of art. In this column no decision shall be made; the controversy is too complicated for speedy argument.



MISS GLADYS NAYLOR-CARNE, PIANIST AND VIOLINIST.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*

studied in Germany, and at the early age of thirteen entered the Royal Academy of Music, her teachers at that institution being M. Emile Sauret and Mr. Oscar Beringer. During the three years of her stay, she gained awards for both piano and violin, and medals for singing at sight. In her concert at the St. James's Hall she played Tschai-kowsky's Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor and Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G Minor, and, if at times she had some little difficulty in dealing with the orchestra, she came through the ordeal with great credit. Although, perhaps, Miss Naylor-Carne would have been well-advised if she had selected only one instrument in making her appeal to the public, the fact remains that she is mistress of both, and it was a somewhat astonishing thing for the critics present to find that, after awarding high praise to her abilities as a pianist, they were compelled to admit that, if anything, her violin-playing was even more satisfactory.



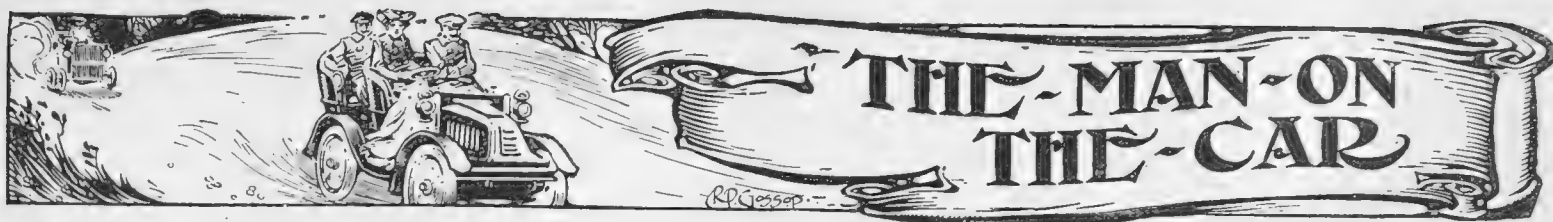
MADAME ALICE GOMEZ.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*

MM. Ysaye, Busoni, and Percy Pitt, in conjunction with Madame Sobrino, gave a concert at the Queen's Hall a few days ago, announcing at the same time that they had organised it as a mark of esteem and gratitude to Mr. Robert Newman. Rubinstein's Sonata in B Minor for violin and pianoforte (No. 3) was played exceedingly well. It is quite another question whether we admire the work or not, but Rubinstein was one of those musicians able to compose music which the hearer might not admire for its essential beauty, but which might still arouse sentiments of admiration on account of the manner in which the work was played. Wilhelmj's Paraphrase of certain passages from the score of “Parsifal” for the violin gave Ysaye an opportunity of which he availed himself. M. Busoni played the pianoforte on the same occasion admirably; his interpretation of Schubert's Fantasia in C Major proved how fine a technique he possesses and how greatly accomplished is his pianoforte method.—COMMON CHORD.

Miss Gladys Naylor-Carne is a young Cornish lady of considerable musical attainments, as her recent Orchestral Concert at the St. James's Hall sufficiently proved. Beginning her education under the guidance of local teachers in Cornwall, she afterwards studied in Germany, and at the early age of thirteen entered the Royal Academy of Music, her teachers at that institution being M. Emile Sauret and Mr. Oscar Beringer. During the three years of her stay, she gained awards for both piano and violin, and medals for singing at sight. In her concert at the St. James's Hall she played Tschai-kowsky's Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor and Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G Minor, and, if at times she had some little difficulty in dealing with the orchestra, she came through the ordeal with great credit. Although, perhaps, Miss Naylor-Carne would have been well-advised if she had selected only one instrument in making her appeal to the public, the fact remains that she is mistress of both, and it was a somewhat astonishing thing for the critics present to find that, after awarding high praise to her abilities as a pianist, they were compelled to admit that, if anything, her violin-playing was even more satisfactory.

Madame Alice Gomez, to give her the name by which she is best known, can certainly claim the poetic title of “The Eastern Nightingale.” She was born in Calcutta, and can boast of having five different nationalities—Spanish, Portuguese, English, Armenian, and Asiatic; indeed, Madame Gomez has inherited her musical gifts from all sides of her family. Very early in her career she came to England and placed herself under the tuition of her future husband, Mr. T. H. Webb. Madame Gomez has only known the triumphs of an arduous career, for, since she made her debut at a concert at the Kensington Town Hall, she has been wonderfully successful in obtaining and keeping the affections of the British music-loving public.



*The Gordon Bennett Race—The Hon. C. S. Rolls and the Kilomètre Record—Lady Ilchester and Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways.*

IN the hurly-burly of preparation and forethought for the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland, that pressing matter, the dust question, appears for the moment to be lost to sight. In all the foreshadowed trials and experiments, the comfort and safety of the automobilist is kept carefully in view and adequately provided for. This is quite as it should be, but, at the same time, the convenience of the other users of the King's highway should be borne in mind. In such grand motoring weather as we have lately enjoyed, the dust problem has not largely obtruded itself, for the reason that rain sufficient to damp down the friable surface of our roads has most thoughtfully sandwiched itself between the bright spells. But, with anything like a prolonged drought, every motor-car travelling over a country-road up to the legal limit of speed or beyond will leave behind it a cloud of dust which, very reasonably, annoys all those who are passed or overtaken on the road. There are devices and to spare protecting the car-passengers from the objectionable powdering; what is now urgently required is something to protect the public before the whole thing is voted a virulent nuisance.

After Mr. Wyndham's remarks in the House last week, there seems no doubt whatever that the Gordon Bennett Permissive Bill will become Law. Before these words see the light in the columns of *The Sketch*, the measure will probably have received the approval of His Majesty's Faithful Commons; it can anticipate no rebuff from the Lords, which House has a knack of interpreting national feeling on any particular subject with much greater keenness than the elected Chamber. This being so, the fund which is being raised to assist the County Councils and other local Irish authorities in the work of getting the selected roads into apple-pie order is really worthy of the attention of all who wish automobilism well in this kingdom. The Irish authorities are ready and willing to lay out their last penny on these roads so that the honour of the Ould Country may be upheld to the utmost, but it is not just or fair that such heavy demands should be made on their attenuated treasuries; hence this fund, donations to which can be sent to "The Automobile Club, 119, Piccadilly."

For our much good-doing, we were invited on Thursday of last week to travel as far North as Clipstone, a little village situated on the Duke of Portland's estate at Welbeck, near which is the falling stretch of private road which his Grace so kindly permits to be used as an automobile sprinting-ground. The underlying of our invitation was to witness an attempt on the part of the Hon. C. S. Rolls to drive his new 70 horse-power Mors over the measured kilomètre there, if possible, in record time. It will be within the memory of our readers that just before the end of the year Mr. Charles Jarrott drove a 70 horse-power Panhard and Levassor car over this particular stretch of road in 28½ sec., which is a speed equal to a shade over 78½ miles per hour. This was regarded as a particularly great feat, but it has already been eclipsed. Mr. Rolls, in his third attempt last Thursday, cut no less than 1½ sec. off Mr. Jarrott's best, covering the kilomètre in 27 sec. dead, which is equal to exactly 82½ miles per hour. Railway speed indeed, even the speed and more of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, of which we hear so much talk.

As may be supposed, the machine—for by no extension of language or stretch of imagination can it be termed a carriage—was a speed-instrument and nothing else. It consisted of the four wheels, the frame, huge four-cylinder engine, gear-box, and driving-chains, covered with what can be compared to nothing else but the bottom of an upturned boat, enamelled a dazzling white, and furnished with ornamental brass scroll-work cut-water and stern-post. The centre was cut out to afford accommodation for the driver, very little of whose body but his head and shoulders was exposed to the pressure of the air. Indeed, when Mr. Rolls was capped and goggled for his deed, his appearance suggested an Esquimaux in a wheeled kyak minus the paddle.

The course at Welbeck, although on a falling grade from start to finish—very falling indeed for the last three hundred yards—is by no means an ideal one for speed-driving, and for any man to steer a car

of this description over such a road must stamp him as possessed of much more than the average amount of nerve and courage, together with the highest automobilistic skill. The road was in perfect condition, and the strong, cold wind that prevailed blew nearly right aft. In his preliminary canter Mr. Rolls effected 32½ sec., or one-fifth sec. faster than the old 50 horse-power Napier did on a give-and-take course in France. In his next attempt, feeling a bit more certain of the bad points of the course, he did 28½ sec., or one-fifth outside Jarrott's best; while at his third attempt he accomplished the great feat mentioned above, and ran at 82½ miles per hour for the full kilomètre.



LADY ILCHESTER AND HER DAUGHTER AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

*Copyright Photograph of the "Car."*

Lady Ilchester and Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways were among the earliest converts to automobilism, for the mistress of Holland House is one of the most many-sided women in Society, and, though a grandmother, she is still one of the most beautiful of London hostesses. Her jewels, especially her black pearls, are famous even in this host-loving age, and she is one of the very few "goddesses in the car" who have known how to devise for themselves a suitable and comfortable as well as a becoming motoring costume. When in town, Lady Ilchester and her daughter naturally prefer to be driven, but in the country they prove themselves skilful and expert *chauffeuses*—there is no English equivalent for the word—and their love for the horseless carriage is shared by many of their intimate friends.

The new edition of Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott's "Common Room Carols" will be welcomed by many who were unable to secure a copy of the first edition. Most of the verses originally appeared in the *Isis*; the remainder were collected from the *Globe*, the *New Rattle*, *Judy*, and other papers by permission. The first part of the book consists of some exceedingly clever parodies of Kipling, the remainder of miscellaneous verses. All, however, are really humorous, one of the best, perhaps, being "The Bulldog's Yarn: a Dagonet Ballad." The book is published at Oxford by the Bocardo Press, and in London by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Public Fancies—Sandown—Pay Up!—Motors.*

IT seems the public fasten on to certain horses and stick to those through good and evil report. Thus, all the little bettors are backing Sceptre for the Lincoln Handicap, and Ambush II., who, I am glad to say, is going well in his work, for the Grand National. I am told, too, that the King's colt, Mead, is a strong public fancy

adopt this just yet. At any rate, I propose that all amounts owing to the bookmakers be posted outside the weighing-door each Tuesday, with the names of the debtors printed in prominent type. The notices would, at any rate, tell the bookmakers whom to avoid for the future, and it would, perhaps, serve as a guide to some of the form shown by certain horses on the flat. It would be libellous for me to suggest that certain horses have lost in the past because the plungers have been on them. All the same, it is a fact that the plungers were on them. Bookmakers have themselves to blame for many of their difficulties. They give credit to irresponsible youths, with a view to future business. Yet it seems to me that the addition to their business simply means more bad debts. And the worst of it is, legitimate and honourable backers have to put up with cramped prices to make up for the bookmakers' loose and unpardonable business methods.

The Jockey Club will not allow motor-cars on Newmarket Heath; but I do not see why they should not, as motors are common enough at other race-meetings, and young racehorses should, as a matter of course, be trained to motor-cars, as they are at present to railway-trains and the starting-gate. I hope His Majesty the King will use his motor-car when he visits Newmarket, and then we may soon see the rule relaxed. Many of our trainers and jockeys, by-the-bye, own motor-cars, and surely they do not object to the horseless carriages being driven on to the Heath. The Turf Senators might make a stiff charge for motors, and thereby easily add to their funds. If a sportsman could

afford to give a couple of thousand for a car, he surely would not object to paying a fee, say, of one sovereign for permission to drive it down to the Race Stand at Newmarket. CAPTAIN COE.

The rival Universities have at last settled down in earnest to train for the race of the First of April. Various changes have been necessary for one reason or another in both boats, but things seem now in a fairly satisfactory state. The Oxford eight show the prettier body form, but Cambridge are generally supposed to be the more powerful crew and to show greater possibility of rhythm and pace. They have, too, an advantage in weight over the Dark Blues of some six pounds per man, though, the Oxonian coxswain being much lighter than the steersman from the Cam, this is more apparent than real. Mr. G. C. Bourne is looking after the Oxonians, and Mr. C. J. D. Goldie has the Cantabs in hand. Up to the time of writing the Dark Blues have been practising in home waters, while, on the other hand, the Light Blues have been journeying by train to Ely for their daily spin, though tubbing practice has been carried on at Cambridge.



THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

for the Derby. Small punters know that in backing the animals named they can rely on getting a straight run for their money. Pekin and Robert le Diable are favourites for the City and Suburban, and Servitor, who has been in strong work all the winter through and has been given some hurdle practice, is the fancy of the little men for the Great Metropolitan. It is remarkable how often the public is right in the matter of the big Handicaps. The first-made first favourite oftener wins than not, no matter what his price may be on the day of the race.

The Grand Military Meeting to be held at Sandown Park this week will be a big success. It is the fashionable fixture of the year under National Hunt Rules, and the ladies assemble in their hundreds to see the officers perform indifferently in the saddle. Many military men can sit a horse all right, but they cannot ride in a race successfully. They are not wanting in courage, but invariably show a lack of discretion. They go like a bull at a gate, and generally end up by either falling off or pumping-out their horse. It is hoped that His Majesty will be present on Friday to see Ambush II. run for the Gold Cup. The horse is to be ridden by the Hon. R. Ward and is very likely to win. For the Maiden Steeplechase I like Relenta, and the Past and Present Steeplechase should go to Squint II. Gangbridge ought to win the National Hunt Flat Race on Saturday, and Bonarcado may capture the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase.

Recent events have shown that many plungers do not hesitate to "bet on the nod" as long as the Ring stands them, and when they are barred they simply refuse to pay their gambling debts. I really do think the Stewards of the Jockey Club should legislate with a view to bringing defaulters to book. It is monstrous to be told of bookmakers who are really short of ready money while their book-debts total up to hundreds of thousands. Such an unhealthy state of affairs should not be possible on the English Turf. The so-called honour of many of the young bloods has descended to the lowest strata, and the sooner some of the reckless young gamblers are black-listed the better will it be for racing in this country. I have a remedy, but I am afraid the authorities will not



THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A CERTAIN conservatism still lingers about the British constitution (feminine gender not excluded) which forbids us taking any person, place, or object to our metaphorical bosoms without due and searching consideration thereof. This relic of Toryism enters even into the domain of Fashion, which, in more favoured and fickle atmospheres, hardly appears before her entry,

and quality of jewels displayed—all genuine, too. Monte Carlo is the abode of realism, and polite counterfeits are non-existent.

The Riviera Palace Ball, which is one of the annual gaieties at Monte, came off most successfully on Saturday. The Winter Gardens, ball-room, and lounge were a dream of beauty, and the night was sufficiently warm to tempt many out to the Terrace, from where, perhaps, one of the most perfect views of this varied little planet may be gained. Prince Mohammed Ibrahim had a large party for the ball, amongst them the Duke de Dion, Miss Minnie Hauk, the American singer, now Baroness de Hesse-Wartegg, and her husband. Then there were Prince and Princess Batthyani, the latter most successfully dressed in pale-blue chiffon over soft Liberty satin and much Brussels lace. Her diamonds were worthy of Batthyani tradition; one great diamond sun with an immense central stone, worn quite in front of the hair, was *en roi soleil* amongst jewels.

The smart thing to do this year more than ever is to lunch or dine your friends at the Hermitage. They have got a wonderful *chef* who can turn potatoes into poems, or even beetroot into ambrosia, with a wave of his wand—or is it skewer?—and people have not been slow to unearth where the most pluperfect *cuisine* is obtainable. Baroness Reuter is the hospitable giver of many cheery luncheons at the Hermitage, and Prince Herculani is another of those who shower such gustatory delights on their friends as strawberries and asparagus of Argenteuil in February.

The last of the Carnival excitements simmered out at Cannes, where one more Battle of Flowers and the races on Sunday ushered in March with weather less summer-like than the Riviera has known for



A WHITE EVENING-GOWN WITH PINK ROSES. [Copyright.]

rapturously adopted, is followed by her exit. At home we cling to clothes too perseveringly, which is, no doubt, the reason why trained skirts still prevail in mid-day and morning, while abroad the *monde* has discarded this dusty custom for the neat, infinitely becoming and practical, short, pleated jupe. When I say "short," I do not mean a mountaineering measure, *bien entendu*, but that which just escapes dipping on Mother Earth and yet avoids all employment of the hands. These new skirts require to be admirably cut, or all effect is missed, however, for defects of form that may escape notice where draperies are held up would be entirely in evidence when every inch of outline is on view. The short skirt is universally pleated, and hangs in graceful folds from a well-cut yoke at the hips. For evening wear, magnificence outvies itself. Flowing trains that move outwards in fan shape at the back are treated to billows of chiffon at the border, waves of lace, cascades of silk fringe, rivulets of intricate embroidery, little lakes and ponds of painted gauze put medallion-fashion on meadows of mousseline, all of which, one reflects, may land some wearers into a very slough of depleted coffers unless the dry land of solvent benevolence cometh quickly into view.

Very few Americans frolic on the Riviera at the moment, so the best-dressed women are, of course, on their native soil. Englishwomen, though in carefully considered exterior, are still too obvious, and as for the ladies of the Fatherland, who abound as six to one of any other nation, while extremely expensive, they cannot be taken seriously in the matter of clothes. Gorgeous and overpowering are the quantity



A NEW AND CHARMING DESIGN. [Copyright.]

eight past perfect weeks. The Prince and Princess of Thun and Taxis, who have been staying at the Grand Hotel for the past three months, with a numerous following of children, dogs, and flunkies, watched the festivities from the hotel gardens. The Duke of Cambridge



and the Grand Duke Michael, who is the *doyen* of social life at Cannes, were also amongst the onlookers. Apropos of flower-throwing, I wish some of the powers that be would veto the use of stocks. They are so heavy, and, in consequence, play ruthless havoc with one's millinery and chevelure. Violets, mimosa, anemones, and carnations are welcome booty from friendly foes, but the arrival of a heavy posy of stocks in the eye or ear is rarely met with gratitude. In Paris, though fashions are already fixed and defined, they are not on view, and one must find oneself at Monte Carlo to realise what will be worn in June. This fact is amusingly brought home by the presence of several London men-milliners, whom one recognises as hailing from Bond, Dover, and Regent Streets, and who, no doubt, go over to "pick up ideas" for their firms and patronesses at this time of the *demi-saison* at home.

SYBIL.

### THE SAMOYEDE DOG.

Amongst Arctic breeds the Samoyede dogs easily hold first place for elegance and intelligence. Their native heath is North-East Russia and Western Siberia, where the natives use them for drawing sledges, towing boats, or "rounding up" the immense herds of reindeer which roam over the Tundras. Although introduced into this country only within recent years, the breed has become very fashionable, and amongst other owners may be mentioned Her Majesty the Queen, Lady Sitwell, and the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison. Pure white is the colour usually preferred, and the illustration shows a typical specimen owned by Mrs. E. Kilburn Scott, of Farningham, who is one of the most enthusiastic admirers of these dogs. Her Majesty recently honoured Mrs. Scott by accepting from her a snow-white Samoyede puppy.



MRS. KILBURN SCOTT'S SAMOYEDE DOG, PERLENE.

It may be mentioned that these dogs have been used on all recent Polar expeditions, and Nansen, Trevor-Battye, and many other writers greatly praise their pluck and endurance. They are wonderfully intelligent, and this characteristic is well set off by most expressive faces. The English climate suits them well, and the breed has evidently come to stay.

"The Alma Mater Alphabet," written and illustrated by C. de B. Durand and published at Oxford by the Bocardo Press, is a collection of topical verses which will amuse Oxonians old and new. It is well printed and tastefully got up.

The King has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the 1903 edition of "The Advertiser's A B C: The Standard Advertisement Press Directory," published by Messrs. T. B. Browne, Limited, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

In another part of this issue appears an account of the breaking of the kilometre record by the Hon. C. S. Rolls. It is only fair to mention that, though the record was achieved on a French car, the tyres used were British-made Dunlops.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases on Monday next (March 9), the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run special trains from Charing Cross, Waterloo, London Bridge, and other stations on their system. A special Club train will leave Charing Cross at 11.35 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge (return fare, eight shillings). Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

A new novel on which Mr. Frankfort Moore is engaged deals, it is said, with the eighteenth century. Mr. Moore has found that his novels on this period are his most popular writings. But in the meantime Mr. Frankfort Moore will publish a book largely descriptive of the West Indies and Venezuela. A somewhat new feature, for a novel, will be found in it—namely, several illustrations of scenes in Martinique and St. Pierre, from photographs done by the author during his visit to the ill-fated island.

### ADELPHI TERRACE (BUILT IN 1768).

THE threatened absorption for parochial purposes of much of the Adelphi district, with its artistic and striking frontage, the Adelphi Terrace, has drawn attention to an interesting part of Central London, on the river fringe, which is old enough to excite the imagination of those who have a sneaking kindness for the past without being dry-as-dust antiquarians and archaeologists. The imported Egyptian obelisk on the Thames Embankment may appeal to the very few who can trace it to its origin, but the Adelphi appeals to the many who had grandfathers and were not educated to despise them. It is one bit of the old (not too old) that tempers the new—the second block of any architectural pretension that worthily keeps its place amongst the modern ornaments of the Northern Embankment. The first ornament is, of course, the river frontage of Somerset House—a building in its entirety that would be welcomed in any city in Europe.

The "Buildings called the Adelphi" were built in 1768. The architect was Robert Adam, the eldest of the band of brothers, Robert, John, &c., who obtained the collective classical name of "Adelphi." David Garrick called these Scotch brothers the "Dear Adelphi," and one of their houses in Adam Street the "Corner Blessing." Robert had travelled much to learn the art side of his profession, and they were all trained architects. Robert's taste settled in the direction of what is known as the Queen Anne Classic, and his fondness for bas-relief plaques and ornaments suggested Wedgwood at every turn, even in the carvings of his graceful furniture. His fireplaces were a distinct advance in art-furnishing. He is fully entitled to take his place by the side of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Chippendale.

The Adelphi District, including the famous Terrace, was built on a ruinous waste called Durham Yard, bought by the brothers. The houses were built on deep arches that rivalled the Catacombs of Paris; and these, at one time, were a great "Thieves' Kitchen"—a "Tramp's Paradise" or "Doss-house"—that defied Watchmen and Bow Street Runners, and their successors, the modern "Peelers." The latter were credited with overlooking the "Darkies," as the resort enabled them to find the most dangerous characters when wanted.

The mansions overhead sheltered people more than above suspicion, Coutts's Bank, the Society of Arts, and even a live King, the King of the Cannibal Islands. His Royal Presence amongst us, in those remote days, hardly excited the respect that it would at present, certainly not amongst the Catnach song-writers—

'Hokey-Pokey, Wanky-wun,  
How d'ye like your taters done,  
O King of the Cannibal Islands?

Such a song about Menelik would now produce an Abyssinian War in a country which Bruce discovered and was called a liar for his enterprise.

The Adelphi district was largely built by Scotch labourers, and the mortar was coaxed into "setting" quickly and firmly by the music of innumerable bagpipes. Each labourer was allowed to use his discretion by bringing one of these antediluvian instruments across the Border, under the impression on the part of his employers that it would pacify him for the acceptance of wages below the London level. This was a fallacy. Information spread, political economy prevailed, and the inevitable strike came. The places of the Scotch were soon supplied by the importation of Irishmen (with their fiddles), and this was probably the introduction of this class of labour into London and England.

The "celebrities" who have made their "home" in the Adelphi are naturally very numerous. The houses are well proportioned and substantially built (with or without bagpipes), and, though they are large for residences, they adapt themselves readily to Clubs and chambers. David Garrick passed the last seven years of his life in No. 5, the centre house of the Terrace. He died in the back-room of the first floor. In this house he was visited by Rousseau, who, of course, went to Drury Lane to see him act and came back to supper. The ceiling of his drawing-room was painted by Zocchi, and the fireplace is said to have cost eight hundred pounds—one of Adam's masterpieces. Most of the first-floor ceilings on the Terrace were painted by Angelica Kauffmann and Cipriani, and so were some of the houses in John Street. The pictures are still in a fairly good state of preservation. Topham Beauclerc lived on the Terrace, and Samuel Johnson often took his nightly grog with him. Isaac D'Israeli had a house, or part of a house, in James Street, and this probably led to the legend, favoured by his distinguished son, that Benjamin was an Adelphi bantling. The house indicated at one time was No. 10, John Street, but this statement has been effectively contradicted in favour of the house in Theobald's Road. E. L. Blanchard, like Garrick, died in a house on the Terrace, and Bernard Shaw still lives there. It has, of late years, been the chosen resort of Bohemian and artistic Clubs—the Crichton, the Savage, and others.

It is impossible to say at present what effect will be produced in the Adelphi by the enforced alteration in Coutts's Bank. The buildings now being erected on the site of the Lowther Arcade may house the entire bank or only a part. The front part of the old premises facing the Strand, trodden by half the "Court Guide," will have, in any case, to be put back a certain distance by order of the London County Council. This will destroy the old banking-house—a nest of romance and tradition. It is still the only place of business in London without a name, a number, or a trading description.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 10.*

## MARKET CHAT.

THE continuance of the 4 per cent. rate caused some disappointment, but no very sanguine hopes of a reduction had been formed, so that only a trifling effect was produced. There appears to be no chance of gold shipments to Europe from New York, but Americans have been feverish, and the position of the Yankee Trust Companies is again discussed. The enormous amount of deposits held against absolutely insignificant cash reserves might at any time cause trouble.

In the Mining Market there has been talk of an amalgamation between the Mount Lyell and the North Mount Lyell Companies, and the shares of the latter have been strong on the suggested arrangement. There can be no doubt that if an agreement can be come to it would benefit both concerns, and we hear that the deal is in a fair way to go through. The rich ore of North Mount Lyell can only be smelted with a heavy addition of other ores as fluxes, and the original mine contains vast quantities of suitable material going as high as 3 per cent. of copper, so that considerable saving would be effected if an arrangement were come to.

Chatham Arbitration Pref. at its present price seems worth buying, even without considering the increase in the take already shown this year. It is, in fact, a Home Railway security yielding  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and might easily see 110 or 115 again.

If it is true that the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway have arranged to operate the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway (as we have every reason to believe), the 4 per cent. Pref. of the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway ought to be a very cheap purchase at about 81-82, for its interest is guaranteed by the St. Louis and San Francisco Road, and by the terms of the deal the Kansas City stock will practically acquire the guarantee of the Chicago and Rock Island Company. It is repayable at par in 1922, so that a buyer at the current quotation will get a 5 per cent. stock, and in nineteen years a bonus of 18 per cent. in addition.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Below and underneath all the other causes that we read about to account for the lack of general business in the Stock Exchange there is undoubtedly the solid fact of ever-increasing competition to be taken into consideration. The policy of the Managers in raising the entrance-fees for membership is now seen to have had an unexpected effect in forcing forward many men of the younger generation in the House who, in the ordinary course of things, would have been content to wait several more years before taking up their membership and starting business on the floor of the markets. No doubt, it is natural enough that a young fellow, clerk in an office, who pays his entrance-money and makes himself a member, becomes discontented with mere office-work as soon as he gets the first intimation of having been elected, which is as dear to the man as two tails to a dog. He wants to go on "half-book," to drop the tedium of book-keeping and transfer-work, and accordingly gets himself placed in the markets to make his living as he can. Here you have the genesis of the fierce competition that has sprung up within the last few years, and, in comparatively slack times such as these are which we now experience, is it astonishing that the older men, brokers and dealers alike, look with audible disapproval upon the way in which, as they complain, the bread is being taken out of their mouths by their juniors in age, experience, and avidity for "turns" or commission? Yet it is a very remarkable thing how few men resign their membership of the Stock Exchange. There are plenty of lucrative businesses in other directions which only want capital and energy for their development, but the House-man sticks growlingly to his Stock Exchange, maybe chanting to himself the while—

"Be it never so wretched,  
There's no place like the House."

For myself, I shall never desert it. Although, between the Acts I sometimes wonder whether I shall spend the last remaining years of my life in The House (City, E.C.), the House (Westminster, S.W.), or the other 'Ouse.

My faithful stool jibs furiously to-night as I seek to turn her head in the direction of finance, but, leaning over, I whisper "Argentina" in her ear, and the mere whisper of the land of meat-extracts is, you will find, enough to subdue the most troublesome-tempered equine. Let me take a deep breath and blow hard into my trumpet as a remembrancer of the tips scattered from time to time in relation to Argentine securities. Nobody else will do it for me: mine Editor may even delete this stirring

passage when he glances over the proofs with his eyes of cold steel. But still, I have written, as the Jove-like Joseph might declare with a fixing of the eye-glass. What is more, dear readers, you will see Argentine and Brazilian issues go much higher, unless it be that my poor judgment sadly, humanly errs. My impression is that we are getting very near the time when you of the public will come and clamour once more for speculative investments of the second order. Gilt-edged securities have given most of us such an unpleasant surprise by the way in which they have steadily retrograded for several years past that no small part of their former charm is lost now that their instability has been so openly displayed. The movement that is starting with the acquisition of the best class of British Railway Ordinary stocks will go on, in all probability, until it extends to what I have called the second order of investments, which includes Foreign bonds, such as Argentines and Brazilians; Foreign Railway stocks, such as Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and, perhaps, even Mexican First Preference; Canadians, such as Trunk Seconds and Hudson's Bay—these are examples of what I mean, and they all have good chances of further improvements, it seems to me. Take the case of the Miscellaneous Market. The dealers there are busier than they have been for months past, and, when Industrials begin to throw off some of their sluggishness, it would seem as though the public were not such a long way off the markets, after all.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Long may the Etruscan Copper Company prosper, if only in order to provide a chance for organised attacks upon the concern and the shares to be made from interested quarters. To an outsider watching the game without any personal interest, the contest is decidedly amusing, and it is difficult to resist the impression that either the directors have been most woefully misled or that the Etruscan Copper property is one of the finest of its kind. Well, it should not be long now before the points are settled one way or the other, and, if I were a speculator, I should lay in Etruscans as a very hopeful gamble at their present price.

Of course, there are plenty of risks to be taken, but the information I have received is good enough to base a purchase on, so long as the buyer goes a bull of the shares with the distinct understanding that he must be prepared to lose some of his money. In other words, Etruscans are a pretty considerable speculation, but at anything like  $2\frac{3}{4}$  they should be well worth having. One caution: the bull need never feel afraid of his holding because unsigned attacks appear in the Financial Press.

By the way, a journalistic friend took me the other night to a pleasant little dinner of newspaper-men and authors, and, after smoking had been sanctioned, there was a discussion on the desirability or otherwise of anonymity in journalism. Points on both sides were strongly urged, and, of course, no definite decision was arrived at. But it occurred to me that anonymity is an absolute godsend to some of the papers which City men are condemned to read. Who, we wonder, writes those interesting little paragraphs which tell us so chattily that Outlandish Extended shares are coming into great demand at about two-and-ninence on the striking of a reef by the Coronation Syndicate only five hundred miles away from the Outlandish Company's property? And there are heaps of little things in papers of the *Financial News* stamp, for instance, the authorship of which one would have greatly liked to see signatorially owned. The "leaders" of the *Financial News* are, as a rule, full of solid information and research, creditable to any writer. But who, oh who! is the writer of the stuff which attempts to stifle the sending of contributions to the Globe Prosecution Fund? It is indeed a pity that such clever special pleading is stifled by the robe of anonymity. Can it be "Midas," I wonder, who writes those Saturday morning columns with such sprightly bitterness and concentrated spite as make one surmise he must have been crossed in love and not yet recovered from the blow? I always read his article with keen relish: it gives one so many excellent hints in helping

other people to avoid certain things, and I have often wished I had the pen of such a brilliant writer instead of the dull fist that's been bestowed on

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## THE HOME RAILWAY RISE.

At length there is apparent an indication that the public are beginning to realise the opportunities afforded by the Home Railway Market as channels for profitable investment. The intense weariness into which the prices had sunk at the beginning of the year is being shaken off very effectually, and a feeling of strength is everywhere in evidence, a feeling such as we have not seen for many months. Of course, there is still an atmosphere of timidity and nervousness overhanging the Home Railway department, for the stocks have been deserted so long by investors that any advance has come to be regarded with considerable suspicion by those most closely connected with the securities. However, the advances which have occurred during the past fortnight in the stocks which we pointed out as being, in the terms of an auctioneer's catalogue, ripe for investment, show that the public is well alive to the advantages of cheap Rails, and we see no reason to alter in any way our opinion that such things as North-Western, Great Western, and North-Eastern will forge ahead. Set-backs there are sure to be from time to time, and one of the things which we do not like about the market is the eagerness with which weak bulls rush in to buy Home Railways upon every appearance of a little animation taking



IN A WEST AFRICAN FOREST: FELLING A MAHOGANY-TREE.

place. Already the rates are quite onerous enough, and it may be doubted whether a reduction in the Bank minimum would affect the carrying-over charges to any extent. Those who buy Home Rails simply for speculative purposes must be prepared to face an occasional sharp pull-up. The investor has little to fear with regard to the prospect of the market for, at all events, another six months.

#### KAFFIRS IN QUIESCENCE.

One of the most noticeable features about the Kaffir Market just now is that, although business has declined to a ridiculously low ebb, prices are held up in a remarkably firm manner. Of course, it will not do to compare Kaffir quotations of the present time with those which were ruling a year ago, when the pre-Peace boomlet was responsible for putting East Rands and Goldfields over 10, Rand Mines up to 13½, and so forth. Without going into all the causes for the disappointment which has followed upon the signing of the Peace Treaty, it is sufficient to say that a very large proportion of that disappointment has been brought about by the refusal of the big houses to make prices better. This in its turn is probably due as much to political causes as to those which regulate the industry *quâ* industry. Now, however, the general sky seems to be clearing in most directions, although the labour question remains as a very disagreeable fly in the ointment. It may be pointed out that each month brings the Kaffir nearer the mines, inasmuch as his money is dwindling away without being replaced by fresh capital. In time, it seems to us, the labour question will work out its own solution, although, of course, we do not shut our eyes to the fact that it is never likely to be satisfactorily solved in its entirety. Apart from this troublesome problem, the best mines are making progress which, if slow, is none the less sure. There is nothing in the market encouraging any sort of window-dressing on the part of the managers when making their monthly returns, and the consequence is that the work now being done is of the steady sort that can be relied upon to produce excellent results when the time comes for making a show. People talk as if the Kaffir Market were played out and as if no animation were ever to be expected there again. We have heard this sort of thing over and over again within the past fifteen years, but, for all the talk, the boomlet bobs up serenely in its own good time, and to sell Kaffirs while the market is in its present quiescent condition would appear to be throwing the shares away. It is in these quiet times that additions may be made to holdings that perhaps cost higher prices.

Saturday, Feb. 28, 1903.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

APOLLO.—See last week's Notes. As to English Railways, South-Western Deferred or North-Eastern Ordinary; but we suggest Buenos Ayres and Rosario Preference or Ordinary stock as giving a good return and likely to go higher.

FRAMPTON.—(1) You hold too many shares. The concern is very speculative, and, if your account of your finances is accurate, we consider you are gambling beyond your means. (2) Grand Trunk First Pref., Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Pref. shares, and Queensland Investment Company Debentures would suit for the £600 you have to spare.

A. E. P.—The Sons of Gwalia Company is making between six and seven thousand net per month, and it is understood, will pay a 10 per cent. dividend in May. The shares are at their present price because large blocks are held by two or three financial concerns who are hard-up and obliged to sell.

E. C.—There is said to be a pool, and the whole thing is probably a rig of the worst kind.

READER.—The Egyptian gold boom has been worked with considerable skill; our advice is to leave Nile Valleys alone at present price. If you will have a finger in the pie, Egyptian Mines Exploration shares are the best gamble.

PUZZLED.—The Company is respectable, but depends for success on the Edison process for magnetic separation of the ore. The price is for the £2 10s. paid share. Probably the approach of the date for the payment of the next call is the cause of the drop, as we believe the promoters and their friends were "stuck" with the bulk of the issue.

EPSILON.—The line is five and three-quarter miles in length, and is leased in perpetuity to and worked by the Brighton, the Great Eastern, and the two Underground Companies at a minimum rental of £30,000 a-year. About one and a-half millions of Debenture stock goes without interest; and behind this there is three and a-quarter millions of Ordinary. We can see no prospect of any good coming out of the speculation. Brighton Contingent Rights are better for what you want.

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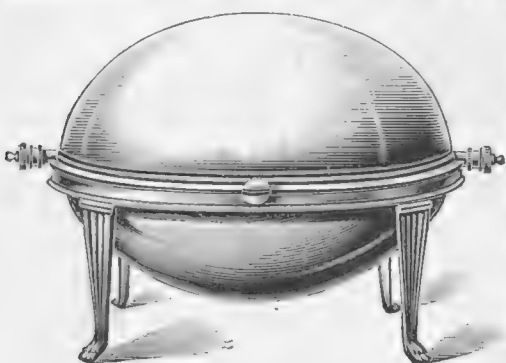
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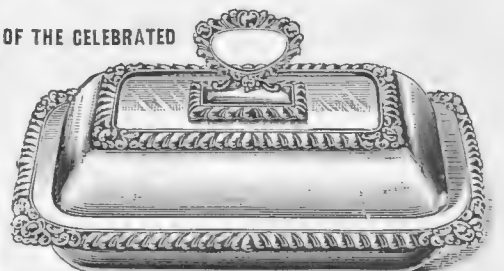
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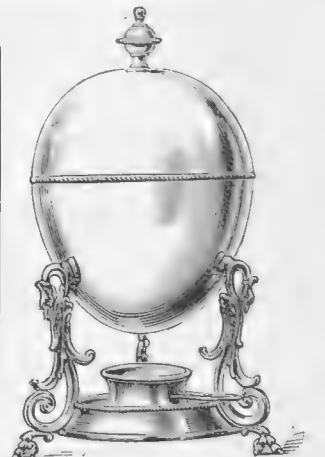


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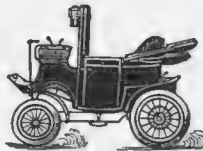
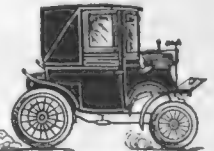
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Apply as above, and in addition a drop or two should be rubbed in each morning. It is well to note that to ensure a satisfactory growth of hair the scalp must be kept healthy.

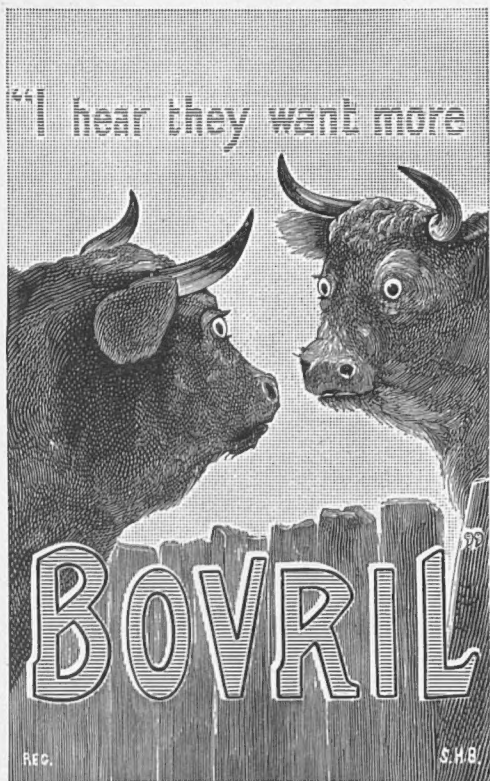
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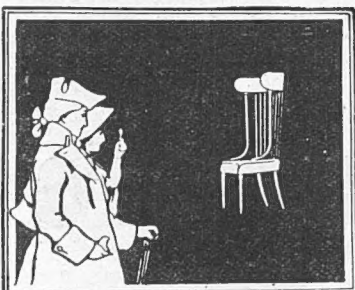
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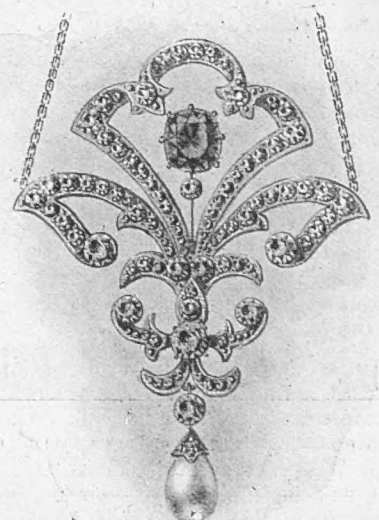
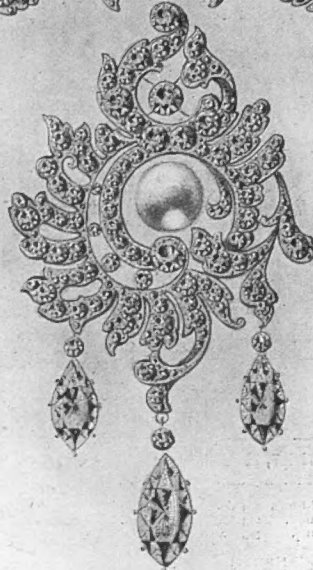
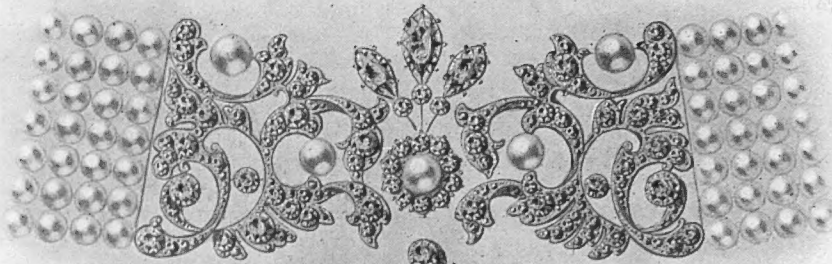


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